THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Entered according to act of Congress in the year 1873 by the SATURDAY POST PUBLISHING COMPANY, in the office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.

1821. THE GREAT FAMILY PAPER FOR HALF A CENTURY. 1873.

Vol. LIII. THE SATURDAY POST PUBLISHING COMPANY, No. 319 Walnut Street. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 27, 1873. TERMS {$2.00 a Year in Advance. / Single Number, 5 Cents.} No. 9.

AUTUMN RAIN.

BY GLEN CAROL.

Drearily falls the autumn rain,
The dead leaves float on the whirling blast—
In an hour like this let me live again
In the memory of the past.
Above the sullen plash of the rain,
And louder far than the wild wind's wail,
I hear the voices of other years
Borne back on memory's gale!

Has my childhood flown? Is it all a dream?
Are the days of my youth forever gone?
Have they left behind no cheering gleam
Of a summer that has flown?
'Twas a stormy voyage, alas, at best,
Over life's dark and changeful sea;
But I soon shall enter the port of Rest,
Moored safe in eternity.

They speak of a land that is far away,
Where earth's dull fretting is never known—
Where the summer of youth shall bloom for aye,
And the weary shall be no more alone.
Drearily falls the autumn rain,
The dead leaves float on the whirling blast—
Emblems of life's unrest and pain,
And the hopes too bright to last!

A HIDDEN WRONG;

OR,

Too Trusting and Too Fair.

BY MRS. ELIZABETH MORRISON.

CHAPTER IV.

MRS. BLANCHARD'S GOOD FORTUNE.

Molly Dance's summary of Mr. Barton's character was not altogether incorrect. He had a passion for experimenting financially, which he had indulged as long as there remained any funds within his reach.

He had made an early marriage with a pretty, yielding-tempered girl, who brought him a considerable fortune for one in her station, and by placing the means of gratifying his taste for speculation within his reach, soon developed into a positive frenzy what had always been an undeveloped desire.

Annie Barton's nature was weakly submissive, and without a protest she saw her chimerical husband year after year convert all their valuable possessions into the means of indulging his pet passion, until nothing remained but a series of failures and the comfortable house they lived in.

The three children were born at that time. Lucy, the eldest, was nearly four; Allan, the boy, a year younger, and Marian, the youngest, a mere infant.

"We have had wretched luck heretofore," he said to his wife a few months after the total loss of his last investment in silk-worms and mulberry-trees; "but I am convinced that I have now found a scheme whose success is certain. All that is needed is a small present sacrifice, and the future gain will amply repay everything. I have met a most worthy gentleman who has developed a motive power of the nature of a spring, sufficiently strong to move the heaviest vehicles on a properly prepared track. The system has claimed my most rigid investigation, and I am able to pronounce it absolutely faultless; there is only one thing needed for its perfection, and that is money, my dear."

"Ah," sighed Mrs. Barton, sadly; "what a pity we have not the forty shares of railroad stock you sold to help the man with the flying-machine, or the little farm you parted with when you became interested in the windmill system of draining marshes, or even the bank money that went into the lightning insurance company, or the—"

"Never mind those trifles, Annie," interrupted her husband, hastily; "they have nothing to do with the present question." Then after a moment's silence and thought, he added—"Here is our house, far too large and fine for a little family like ours; we can very well get on with a smaller and less expensive one, rented at a low rate, and save money by the change."

"Yes, but this is our own, John," suggested Mrs. Barton, venturing to make her first objection to his losing plans.

"What of that?" cried he, fully imbued with the fervor of his latest delusion. "Does that excuse our blindly allowing a fortune to slip through our very fingers? See here, Annie," and he produced a long paper, covered with figures in effective columns, "do you just examine this unexaggerated statement of results; everything is here placed at its lowest figure, and all possible allowance made for mistakes or accidents; yet just read the sum total of profits. Why, it's almost incalculable, and quite within our reach."

"If we sell the house—" said his wife.

"Of course, if we sell the house and invest the sale price," added her husband.

Mrs. Barton then saw that it was as good as done, and made no further objection or demur, but got ready in her easy way to move into the much humbler abode Mr. Barton had already selected for their temporary occupancy.

It was one of a row of tenant-houses in a new neighborhood; and as soon as she was fairly settled, Mrs. Barton made the acquaintance of a pretty young widow, her next-door neighbor, who worked at plain sewing and rented rooms.

Mrs. Vail, as she was called, was very kind and friendly with the new-comers, and took considerable pains to cultivate their friendship, telling them, in explanation of her lonely condition, that she had been an orphan when her husband met her, and that all his relations lived in England.

"I had rather work for myself here than go and be a burden on strangers in another country," she said, and Mrs. Barton, who was rather a spiritless, weak sort of woman herself, much applauded her independence and strength of character.

Although naturally quick and cheerful, Mrs. Vail appeared at times subject to fits of extreme despondency, and Mrs. Barton believed her husband's loss to be a grief too deep even for the soothing hand of time to heal.

About a year after the Barton family had settled down to hopeless poverty, the motive spring business proving to be of the same swallowing propensities as its predecessors, and thus engulfed the last of the family possessions without hope of return, Mrs. Vail appeared one day at her window with a handsome boy of about three years old on her knee.

Mrs. Barton observing the pretty addition to the juvenile life of the neighborhood, was told that it was her neighbor's boy, Eugene by name, who had been among her friends for the past year or two.

"At first I was too poor to take charge of my darling," said his mother, fondling him tenderly; "but, thank Heaven, we are together now, and we'll never part any more."

"But I didn't even know that you had a son," said Mrs. Barton, who found it impossible to recover from her astonishment so easily.

"I did not enjoy talking of my child so long as we were forced to remain asunder," Mrs. Vail replied, and then she pressed the little fellow to her heart in a rapture of united love.

The appearance of little Eugene in her abode seemed the promise of prosperity to the little widow, who soon furnished her hitherto empty parlor, and changed her business from letting lodgings to keeping a few boarders in a very nice and comfortable way.

The first of these was a Mr. Blanchard, a bright young man in the commercial line; and even before the Bartons were forced to change their quarters for still smaller and cheaper ones, owing to the inveterate speculations of the unfortunate head of the family, Mrs. Barton's observant eye had seen in the good-looking young boarder a future husband for pretty widow Vail and father for little Eugene.

For years the unfortunate family sustained a sharp struggle for existence, and the one strong quality of its yielding mother was brought into constant and fullest requisition, namely, her power to do without clothes and subsist on little food.

This gift she was able to transmit to her youngest child, with the added value of strong energy and self-sustaining hopefulness, and as soon as Marian was old enough to assume a modest share in the family rule, its interests began steadily to improve.

Mr. John Barton's restless spirit wore away his bodily health, and constant disappointment at last told severely on his physical frame. He was a broken man, too weak to acquit himself of the duties of a first-class clerk, and only held in his old place through the benevolence of the firm that had employed him for years, and constantly remonstrated against his foolish outside investments.

He no longer speculated, being totally without the means to do so, but contented himself with castle-building concerning the future of his three children, and laying plans for their great advancement in after life that generally interfered with their present usefulness.

Marian had, even as a child, set herself against this species of dreaming; the reality around her was sufficient for her action and comprehension, and she refused to be led by a wandering fancy, the weakness and failure of which she saw in their own hard fortune.

MARIAN READING LUCY'S LETTER.

"MY DARLING SISTER—PITY AND FORGIVE ME IF YOU CAN—BUT ABOVE ALL THINGS KEEP MY MISERABLE SECRET. I MEANT TO HIDE MY WRETCHED STORY IN THE KEEPING OF DEATH; BUT FATE SEEMS TO WILL ME TO LIVE. DO NOT THINK ME WICKED. COME, DARLING SISTER, DON'T DESERT ME, I ENTREAT YOU, DEAREST MARIAN."

On this account, Mr. Barton regarded her as the least promising of his children, and neglected to embellish her future, while he provided for Allan by declaring him to be made for an eminent scholar, and prophesied a remarkable career of business success for Lucy.

It was little more than a year previous to the opening of this story, that Mrs. Barton, by an odd chance, encountered and recognized her old neighbor, now Mrs. Blanchard, who ever since that date had been a constant visitor at the house of her humble friends, though fortune having favored the former widow in a most extraordinary manner—her own splendid style of living was far beyond their power to blend with or return her visits in a proper manner.

Indeed Mrs. Blanchard showed no signs of desiring their presence in her magnificent house on Lexington Terrace—and had from the first frowned on Eugene's attempt to renew his childish intimacy with Allan Barton.

"I cannot see what pleasure she takes in coming here and overlooking all we do and say," Marian said to her mother one day about a week before her sister Lucy's intended departure for New York.

"She's an old neighbor, dear," said Mrs. Barton, uneasily. "I'm sure it's quite condescending in her to notice poor, plain people like us."

"What does she do it for?" asked Marian, looking straight into her mother's eyes; "I remember you said she did not seem very much pleased when you met her and recognized her, but for the first moment or two appeared as if she had rather get away."

Mrs. Barton flushed with annoyance.

"What a silly fancy it must have been," she said; "I'm sure she is both kind and friendly—and I feel quite as neighborly as when we first met, years ago."

"Mother," asked Marian, with earnest meaning, "will you tell me why she talks so wickedly and cruelly of Mr. Eugene?"

"I'm afraid he is idle and unsteady; it must be a great disappointment to have him so," Mrs Barton returned, without looking up. She seemed to know that her daughter's eye was resting on her, and her face flushed as she bent more closely over her work.

Marian did not speak, but still kept her troubled gaze fixed on her mother's face.

"Now that Mrs. Blanchard has a beautiful young daughter, it makes it more painful than ever for her to have a reckless son," continued Mrs. Barton, talking very fast, and not raising her eyes. "I'm sure it is none of my business—the boy was good enough as a child, and used to play with Allan and Lucy by the hour. I have nothing to say against him—but his mother ought to know, I'm sure—and if she says he worries her and makes her wretched, we have no right to contradict her or call him an angel, you know, Marian."

Mrs. Barton looked up at the close of these remarks, and her daughter's steady glance met hers again and made her face redder than ever. There was but one thing for her to do to hide her embarrassment, so she immediately became angry.

"I'm sure I don't know what you mean, Marian," she said, sharply; "Mrs. Blanchard has great wealth and influence, and what use could there be in our quarrelling with her to our own injury? For my part, I wish I'd never heard of the young man."

"I'll tell you why, mother," said her daughter, slowly; "it is because you know him to be injured and wronged by that evil-minded woman; it's because your own heart tells you she's not his mother, and that there is a wicked design against him, lurking in every word she utters. What else does she strive to influence you for, if it is not to keep you quiet about the past? You know too much, that's why she pretends to be your friend, just to keep your mouth closed."

"Why, my child, what on earth are you talking about!" exclaimed her mother, scarlet and white by turns, and looking on all sides to be sure that there was no auditor but themselves present.

Marian rose, and dropping her work, came and laid her arm round her mother's shoulder—

"Don't lend yourself to her plottings, dear mother," she entreated, "let her go her own way, but let us keep our hands free from the taint of her wealth as a bribe."

She bent her head down and kissed her mother's forehead. Mrs. Barton remained speechless from conflicting emotion, and after another moment Marian looked up and said—

"We'll never speak of this again; there will be no need to do so, mother."

One week from that evening, Mrs. Blanchard had laid the seal of silence on Marian's own lips, as the price of her sister's secret.

CHAPTER V.

CLUES TO LUCY'S MYSTERY.

When Mrs. Blanchard's carriage rolled out of sight, Marian's troubled brain began to aid her trembling feet.

"I must go home at once and try to hide all signs of distress from them there," she thought. "Whatever befalls, I must spare them all I can; father's health is breaking sadly; poor mother has known care and worry enough already; and Allan could not help me, so why should I cloud his young life?"

She thrust the paper the ragged boy had given her, deep in the folds of her dress, and tried to smooth her face and assume her natural manner as she re-entered the house.

Her effort was not quite successful—the shock her feelings had received had banished the color from her face beyond her power to recall it, and the unshed tears gathering heavily, weighed her eyelids down in a hopeless, drooping way.

But Mrs Barton had her own reasons for expecting a painful result in the interview between her old neighbor and her daughter. She gave Marian one anxious look as she came back, and whispered, as she took her seat beside her at the work-table:

"I hope you were not too hasty with Mrs. Blanchard, Marian, dear; remember she's a rich lady, and has a right to send her own son away if she thinks it is for the best."

Marian nodded, glad to be questioned no further, and resumed her work diligently.

Presently Mr. Barton came in, and according to custom, became immediately absorbed in his son's account of his day's studies; and so the evening wore on, and poor Marian counted the lagging moments until she could steal away, unnoticed, and commune with her trouble alone.

Just as she rose, folding up the last of the gay flowers, and prepared to retire, her father startled her by saying—

"We will hear from Lucy, to-morrow; she will write a few lines to let us know how she likes the city, and give us a hint or two about the business. Lucy's sure to do well; she has just the talent needed for the work before her. Yes, yes, Lucy's a girl that will never disappoint my hopes—I'm sure of that."

Marian's pallor was so great, as she listened to her father's words and thought of the reality of the case, that even her mother noticed it.

"Of course your father values you, too, in your own quiet way," she said, eagerly, imagining that her change of countenance arose from jealous feeling. "But he has a great prize in Lucy, for he knows she's sure to help us all when his working days are over."

Marian thrust her hand in her bosom to see that the letter which would prove such a bitter satire on her parents' castle-building were still hidden, and murmuring some half-audible words of agreement with her sister's praise, hurried up-stairs to the room they used to occupy together, and, closing the door behind her, locked herself in.

It was a small chamber, scantily furnished, but very tidy and even tasteful in its few articles of cheap embellishment. There were pictures on the wall, chiefly engravings from magazines, set in frames of home manufacture, and cushions and tidies of neat device and skilful execution.

Besides the bedstead, the chief article of furniture the room held was a large, old-fashioned set of drawers, ornamented with a prettily-wrought cover, and it was on the carpet, beside this piece of furniture, that Marian dropped in a sitting posture as soon as she felt herself to be alone.

Placing the lamp on a chair at her side, she took out the crumpled paper hidden in her dress, and, smoothing it out, read it over and over again.

It ran thus:

"MY DARLING SISTER—Pity and forgive me if you can, but above all things keep my miserable secret. I write to *you*, because my heart feels as if it must burst if I cannot break this silence that has already weighed and crushed it almost to the grave. I meant to deceive you all. I meant to hide my miserable story in the keeping of death, but fate seems to will me to live, though Heaven appears to have forsaken me. Yesterday I was strong in my resolution to die—to-day I am broken and weak—"

Here a pause seemed to have occurred in the writing; it was taken up a line or two below in an irregular hand, almost illegible from suffering or excitement, and broke off after a few scrawling sentences—

"I am very ill. You must come to me. I cannot die without seeing you again. Do not think me wicked; it was very wrong to be secret, but then I never thought of this trouble. Come, darling sister; don't desert me, I entreat you, dearest Marian!"

Beneath this again were the words: "Come to-morrow, as you go to work," and the direction in another and most untutored hand ran in great letters and figures completely over the back of the paper, seemingly in the half-printed, half-written chirography of a small child.

For a time Marian bowed her head on her knees, and wept as if her very heart would burst.

She did not sit in judgment on her sister, nor condemn the deception that had ended so painfully; she did not even speculate as to the nature of the trouble that had befallen her, and thrown its dreary shadow over all their lives. Her only feeling was one of sorrow—deep, unutterable sorrow—that her beautiful sister had fallen into this mysterious snare, beside which the struggles and hardships of poverty seemed pleasant and joyous experiences.

"Poor Lucy, dear Lucy!" she moaned, beneath her breath, and an almost irresistible desire to brave everything and go to her at once consumed her. But even in the midst of her suffering the necessity for keeping her sister's secret stifled her sobs and made her wailing inaudible.

"Whatever blight has fallen upon my poor darling, I must help her to bear it, and no one else must know of it," she thought.

Two of the chest drawers had been Lucy's. Marian now recalled the nervous haste with which she had tossed their contents into her trunk the night before their parting, and she opened them and looked over their shreds of bobbinet and scraps of lace and ribbon thrown aside as not worth being packed with the wearables of her sister. A folded paper lay wedged down in the seam at the back. She drew it out, and saw it was a short letter, written in a man's hand.

Its date was the middle of the month of May previous, and though written hastily, it was beautifully done and carefully worded.

"How can I leave you, my darling," it said; "duty, nay necessity itself, can scarcely give me strength to tear myself from you. Yet I dare not delay; the call is imperative, and I have no choice but to obey it. When I left you this morning, I expected, as you know, to return by the evening train; now all is altered, and you must come to the city alone, leaving our lovely Paradise, and keeping our secret for a short time longer. You cannot think how bitterly I chafe at my unhappy fate that binds me a slave to the tyrant circumstance; but I feel sure that you will bear my lot with me, and endure a little of what I am forced to bear in full.

"Your board is settled for up till to-morrow evening, at which time you will reach town, and resume your place at home unquestioned. It will be very easy to remain silent, and that is all you have to do to be unsuspected. The time that separates us will soon fly by, and when we meet the joy of union will repay us for this forced absence. Ever your own,

"VELOUR."

Marian read the epistle and laid it down without ever once thinking that she had broken in upon her sister's confidence. The desire to help and save her was too strong to admit of any question of etiquette.

"Who is this man?" she asked herself, a strong repugnance rising within her at the thought of him.

Then she remembered once coming upon her sister, nearly two years before, just as she was parting from a tall, dark gentleman in Lexington Park.

When she questioned Lucy as to who he was, she had answered very hastily that it was nothing more than civil to answer a stranger who had asked directions of you, she supposed, and then quickly changed the subject.

After that, she remembered that Lucy never asked her to come and meet her at the milliner's, where Miss Fontleroy's working hours were much shorter than Madame ——, but, on the contrary, discouraged any offer of the kind, by saying she never knew just when she would "get through," and it would be very foolish to keep her waiting in the Park where they used to meet.

The date of the letter brought back another fact that pained her heart like a cruel stab, for it was a new proof that Lucy had long been deceiving them all.

Esther Grover, an old companion of theirs, had married a young farmer, and gone to live near Westgate Hills. Last spring Lucy said she would like to take a week's holiday, and go and see Esther; and even at the time Marian wondered that she should choose to take her pleasuring alone. But feeling that her sister needed recreation more than she did herself, the unselfish Marian gladly helped her to get ready, and rejoiced in the opportunity of her gaining so much enjoyment.

Lucy's manner on her return had disappointed her sadly; she had expected to find her gay and blooming, with plenty to tell about Esther and her home, but, on the contrary, Lucy looked pale and nervous, and was unusually taciturn and unsatisfactory on the subject of her visit, really appearing to avoid the mention of everything connected with her old friend, and their pleasant times together at Westgate Hills.

If the busy season at Miss Ganzewell's, beginning immediately after her sister's return, had not kept Marian so hard at work as scarcely to leave her time for thought, she would have wondered still more over this strange reticence, that was now so painfully explained to her.

This then was why she had come back pale and silent, and had ever since been unlike her former cheerful self. Day after day she had grown more nervous and weak, until the business of life seemed to become a burden, and the proposed change to New York had been hailed by her mother as sure to do her health good, while her father saw in it a means of certain and swift prosperity.

Where this plan had originated Marian could not tell; but since the fearful disclosure made by the two letters, she believed it to have been Lucy's own invention to which she had been driven by despair and shame.

"She wanted to spare poor mother and the rest," thought the weeping Marian pitifully, for she loved her sister too deeply to blame her, even while her whole life seemed darkened and blighted by the folly and deception she had indulged in.

"She felt that she must get away, and this was the only manner in which she could accomplish it and avoid suspicion. Oh, my poor darling, my poor wounded dove, Heaven give me strength and wisdom to save and bring her back again!"

Thus she prayed and watched all night for the lagging light of day to come, and give her the longed-for opportunity of seeking the poor wanderer.

CHAPTER VI.

EUGENE AND HIS FRIEND HAVE AN ADVENTURE.

Mrs. Blanchard at the time of her encountering her old neighbor, Mrs. Barton, had been residing for some years in great splendor in one of the finest houses in that most fashionable neighborhood, Lexington Terrace.

As Marian's mother had reluctantly acknowledged, the lady's first instinct had been to avoid her humble friend, but a second thought had brought her to her side with quite a show of cordiality and pleasure in the meeting.

She made no secret of her wonderfully improved fortunes, but attributed the change to her husband's good luck. Mr. Blanchard belonged to a wealthy family, and an uncle dying some years before had left him his heir.

Being a naturally fine business man, he had invested his money most successfully, and their present prosperity was the result.

Eugene had not turned out satisfactorily, she said, with a sigh and shake of the head. It was greatly to be deplored, but his idle courses and sullen temper were the cause of great uneasiness to Mr. Blanchard and herself. Still, as there was compensation in every disappointment, they had been blessed with a daughter, a lovely child, though somewhat delicate in constitution, blue-eyed, and golden-haired, and just the sweet tender creature to suggest her name, which was Violet.

Having imparted this confidential information to Mrs. Barton, Mrs. Blanchard paused to inquire about her former neighbor's family, and showed a flattering interest in every particular narrated to her.

They were still speaking together in this friendly strain when a dark-complexioned and singularly handsome young man came up the street and stopped to speak to the lady in reference to some business he had been sent by her to attend to.

For a moment the same irresolution that had been perceptible to Mrs. Barton at their first meeting, appeared again in the face of her former neighbor, but she seemed to overcome it as she had done at first, and turning toward her, said—

"Here is Eugene himself, Mrs Barton; should you have known him? I think not, for he was but a child when you saw him last."

Mrs. Barton took a rapid view of the handsome face and form of the young gentleman, and saw that his eyes had a peculiarly sad and inward expression that indicated a nature not in sympathy with its surroundings.

This and a constitutional pallor and subdued eagerness of manner, impressed her with a contrary idea to that urged by his mother concerning him, but Mrs. Barton never had been an independent character, and it was always far easier for her to yield than to oppose.

Rather to her surprise she found that Eugene remembered their family. He asked after Lucy and Allan by name, and said he could recall a little creature with fair curls too, but her name had escaped his memory.

"Oh, that's Marian," said Mrs. Barton, smiling, "she's taller than Lucy now; come and see them, Mr. Eugene, they will all be very glad to meet you, I know."

It was in this way he had again become known to the family, and although Mrs. Barton chose to adopt his mother's prejudices against him in outward expression, in her secret heart she could find no fault with the youth, but was forced to acknowledge that he was respectful to his elders, helpful to Allan in his studies, and a perfect gentleman in his intercourse with the two girls.

She noticed that he was dejected or rather habitually sad in manner, and that he carried about him a certain air of constraint and isolation whenever he appeared in his mother's presence; but he never alluded to her when alone, and seemed to avoid all mention of his home or personal interests in every way.

He had one friend beside the Bartons, and he was a young physician whose acquaintance (afterward ripening into friendship) was the result of accident.

Conscious of being misunderstood and living in singular estrangement in the household of which he was a member, Eugene had gradually fallen into a reticence that by degrees grew and spread like a coat of impenetrable armor above his warm and ardent nature; but to those who penetrating this outer shell, found the true and tender heart underlying it, he was his own generous self.

A little earlier than the date of his meeting with the Bartons he had rescued a poor old woman from perilous contact with a runaway horse and vehicle, and helping her to the nearest physician's office to have her slight injuries attended to, found in his after intercourse with the young doctor so much that was congenial, that the seeds of a strong friendship were immediately sown between them.

On the morning after his mother's secret interview with Marian, and the poor girl's discovery of her sister's wretchedness, they met each other while Eugene was taking an early saunter, and Dr. Max Heatherton was driving rapidly in an opposite direction.

The physician's light carriage had nearly gone by ere he recognized his friend, the artist, but drawing up suddenly he called to him.

"Step in and drive with me, my dear fellow," he entreated. "I have been wanting to see you for weeks, and as it just now happens I have something particularly interesting to say to you. Where have you hidden yourself for the last age," he continued, as complying with his request, Eugene seated himself at his side. "I have been unusually busy, but yet have found time to think of you, and wonder greatly what had become of you."

"I have been at work," answered Eugene. "I have found a subject and am trying to do my best; you know how ardently I desire to go abroad for instruction, and I must convince others of my deserts, before I can gain my end."

"And it was in relation to this very subject that I desired to speak to you," said Dr. Heatherton, eagerly. "I know your strong desire to get a study for your 'Forgiven Magdalene,' and I have seen a face so singularly lovely and suggestive that I can think of nothing else. Last night, very late, I was called suddenly by a queer-looking little wretch, one of the professional beggar-boy class, I fancy, to go and see 'a lady who must be near dead,' as he said. I took the little nondescript with me in the carriage for a guide, and we drove to the southern part of the city, where, in a great, gloomy, half-ruined old house, I found this peerless model for your picture."

"Who is she, and why did she need your aid?" Eugene asked.

"I do not know her history, but she was very ill, too ill for question or surmise. Poor thing," continued Max, sadly; "she seems only a girl, innocent and trusting, too trusting, I fear."

Then he added in a whisper:

"She became the mother of a poor little dead baby at daybreak this morning, and from what I could gather from her broken words and moans, she has fled from her family to hide her grief and shame."

"Poor creature, is she alone, can nothing be done for her?" said Eugene, compassionately.

"She is among friends, of a queer cut though, I fancy—but unless I find a more favorable change than I dare to expect she will soon be beyond the scorn or pity of this world. Here we are at the door; isn't it a strange-looking place? Wait for me here a few moments, and if there's no hope, I'll manage to let you see her; it is a face once seen, never to be forgotten."

Deeply touched by the pathos of the story, Eugene began to disclaim all desire to intrude, even though unsuspected, on such a sad scene, but Dr. Heatherton throwing the reins into his hands, had already sprung up the dingy stone steps, and was lost to view in the obscurity of the long dark entry.

While the young artist left to himself, brooded thoughtfully over the circumstance just brought to his knowledge, he suddenly became aware of a most familiar and admired figure passing close before his eyes.

His heart told him it was Marian Barton's, even before his surprised gaze had recognized her completely; and wonder as to what strange errand could have brought her thither at such an hour, held him motionless until she had actually passed up the very stone steps before him and disappeared down the same passageway where the doctor had preceded her.

At the same moment, a bold-faced woman, with a flashy air and magnificent black eyes, came from the house and slowly descended the steps, looking straight before her.

She had a half-reckless, half-defiant air, and what had originally been great beauty in her face, was marred by the marks of dissipation and consequent illness.

At first her eyes rested on Eugene with nothing more than the usual look of cool defiance that was their habitual expression, but presently they assumed an odd stare that was a mixture of recollection and perplexity.

This in turn cleared away, and an amused smile full of deep meaning took its place.

She came close to the carriage, and leaning in, laid her hand on his knee.

"What do you call yourself, my handsome gentleman?" she asked.

There was an earnestness in her tone that did not accord with her trivial words, and Eugene felt himself constrained to answer:

"My name is Eugene Blanchard."

"Wrong," she cried, sharply interrupting him, "that is not your name, and never was; you are a fool to bear it, and the injustice it entails on you. Be yourself, claim your rights; look in the locket *that woman* guards so closely, and you will read yours and your father's name there."

As she spoke she turned on her heel, and leaving her listener spell-bound by the meaning of her words, disappeared from sight round a neighboring street corner.

"Stop," cried Eugene, recovering his breath and power of speech, "wait and answer me another question, I entreat, I implore you!" But she was no longer in view, and flinging the reins impetuously to a small boy who stood watching them both, he started in pursuit.

The object on which he was bent was the strongest passion of his life.

To him the mystery he had lately discovered as surrounding his birth and parentage was the one cloud obscuring all his horizon; to scatter that was to make the sky bright, the prospect clear, and this strange woman's words rang in his ear with the sound of authority.

Onward he went, carried by desire and excitement in blind pursuit, yet seeing no clue to the object he sought, until breathless and weary he paused nearly a mile from his starting-point, convinced that he had been wasting time and effort.

Slowly he returned to the old house, revolving the singular words of the stranger as he went, and fitting them to new meanings with every fresh attempt to unravel their tangled mystery.

Coming at length to the place where he had parted from the doctor, he found the carriage gone, the house closed and without sign of inhabitant.

Not even the boy lingered in sight; the whole street had a deserted air, and he was forced to apply to a rusty and disused knocker on the dingy green door, that woke a hollow echo through the empty hall, to gain admittance.

After many repetitions of the summons, a very old negress appeared, who seemed to have come from the depths of the earth, grumbling all the way.

"What's de matter? Tought you was going to broke de door down, come a banging like mad, frighten poor old soul 'most to death!" she muttered

"Pray excuse me, but I want to know when Dr. Heatherton left here?"

"Don't know nuffin about no doctor," said the old woman, doggedly.

"Where, then, is the young lady who entered this house some half-hour ago?"

"Ain't no young lady here; don't know nuffin 'bout none," persisted the woman.

"Is the invalid better? Pray see if the sick lady is at all improved—"

"Don't know what you mean," protested the determined negress; "guess you made a mistake; we ain't got no doctors nor young ladies sick or well, and I've got to go and 'tend my work, so I has, and I can't stand fooling here."

Without further ceremony she closed the door in his face, and he turned away so excited and bewildered that he was half inclined to think he had been dreaming, and that Marian Barton's presence in that strange place, and the woman's singular disclosure, were both tricks of his fancy.

(To be continued in our next. Commenced in No. 8.)

Treason.

Old Bozbury says, You can never, by any accident, get a lady (be she young or old) to confess that she laces tight. That her shoes are too small for her. That she is ever tired at a ball. That she is as old as she looks. That she has been more than five minutes dressing. That she has kept you waiting. That she blushes when a certain person's name is mentioned. That she ever says a thing she doesn't mean. That she is fond of scandal. That she—she of all persons in the world—is in love. That she doesn't want a new bonnet. That she hasn't the disposition of an angel or the temper of a saint—or else how could she go through one-half of what she does? That she is ever in the wrong.

RED KELLY;

on,

The Free Riders of the Plains.

BY CAPTAIN CARNES,

AUTHOR OF "WERTZAL, THE SCOUT," ETC.

CHAPTER X.

A RIDE THROUGH THE NIGHT.

Nursed with as tender solicitude as a mother gives, watched with a gentler love than ever friend before yielded to friend, Vitee came struggling back from the shadows that herald the dreaded Valley; and young Felix, white and wearied with long and ceaseless vigils, heard the surgeon at the fort say "the crisis is past, and the hero will live."

And after the lapse of days, the good man explained to the convalescent:

"You owe your life to your comrade. Felix has pulled you through where nothing else could have saved you."

"Were my life valuable enough, I would promise to be Felix's slave in return; as it is, forgive me, Len; my gratitude is only lukewarm. Why have you done this?"

The young fellow's sensitive lip quivered.

"I could not know that you held the world worthless. I saved you for yourself, and because a possible future may atone for a woeful past."

Vitee shook his head doubtingly. Afterward, one time, he suddenly startled his young comrade by the question:

"You have a history?"

"Should I have," answered Lenny, with an undertone of bitter feeling in his voice, "and I so young?"

"Well, well," mused the hero, "it were better for each to contain his own sorrows. Why should one burden the other with troubles which he cannot cast aside."

Felix set out to speak, but checked the inclination, and the subject was mutually dropped between them; and they came back upon the original topic of the weather, and the threatening look of the sunset sky, with the premonitions of a violent tempest.

On this very night, at that very hour, far out on the plains to the west of the fort, a solitary horseman rode along the old trail leading toward the Indian territory. He bestrode a horse of powerful build and elastic action—a horse that had been stolen, and stolen, and stolen again, each succeeding owner being rather glad when some other fellow took a fancy to the wonderful chest and limbs of the brute; as he was as intractable as a jungle tiger. When he stopped he was as firm in his intentions of remaining stationary as the pyramids of Cheops; when he started upon his best paces, a medium-sized tornado better be off the track than on, for wind nor weather terrified the animal. He could tell an Indian on the darkest night by the sense of smell, and as for that matter a less intelligent being than the horse might do that unless afflicted with chronic catarrh; but the late-arrived traveller at G—— had no choice in the matter. It was either this beast or none. And the landlord had said confidentially:

"There was a man along here more than an hour ago as was inquiring for you."

"For me?" questioned Griff. "I guess not. I am not generally known to be in this locality."

"Not generally, p'raps, an' yet particularly, mebbe," with a knowing leer.

"No," returned the young man, decidedly, "the fellow had no reference to me, be sure."

"A chap," he said, "with black eyes, p'inted mustache, wearin' gray clothes an' er black-velvet cap. Maybe ye can tell better now."

"Just so," returned Griff, carelessly, while he ran over the riddle in his mind. "Now, please, photograph him."

"Sur!"

"Give me his measure."

"Fust, then, he's big enuff ter eat you at er mouthful."

"Unless I get cross-wise, eh?"

"Hi-yah! yer kev it, humorus. I hes seed him afore. Good size, I tell yer; no feeters visibul but nose an' eyes—rest har."

Griff thought persistently, but finally exclaimed, "all right," as if he had cleared up the mystery in his own mind, for he wished to win the man's confidence, having a lurking suspicion that the fellow knew more than he had confessed, evidently mistaking the plans and principles of this latter guest.

"Yes, yes," went on Griff, as if recalling some half-forgotten facts; "he knew what he was about," slyly winking at the landlord, who was accordingly misled.

"Fust place, yer know, in comes that long-haired fellow with them wide, soft eyes that lighten cussidly when yer rub agin ther nap—Wild Bill. He takes a bit er suthin' refreshin'; then up comes this fellar as is treed out big in ther instep, an' sez he, 'Whose just rid off, squire; there's heel-corks t'ward yer pavilyon?'

"Sez I, 'Wild Will was my larst customer.'

"Sez he, 'Sash!'

"Sez I, 'Sarting; why?'

"Sez he, 'The new sheriff from L—— hain't gone this way, nor nothin'?'

"Sez I, 'Not er sheriff.'

"Sez he, 'Whar'n the devil hev I missed him?'

"I seed he was in a proper stew, an' I guessed why. He'd a grudge agin Bill—bound ter cotch him. You've missed each other good. I vow it's a game er regular bluduman's-buff. He's arter Bill—you'n he gwine to meet hereabouts, he gittin' on, you teggin' arter, and Bill 'll whip yer in a dodge. You free-riders hain't got a long enough lariat ter knot up that fellar."

"Three cheers for Bill!" put in Griff, with a swagger, falling in for the time with the character assigned him by the mistaken host. "Getting the brush after a long chase is the glory of a fox-hunt."

The urbane man-decanter roared gleefully, and then at last answered the question which Griff had first asked.

"Hoss, Gorry-mighty, stranger, thar ain't one but U. S. about this 'ere livery! an' ef yer can straddle that fellar's back j'ints, yer may mount and ride to ther devil. Well, what I mean is, yer p-a-r-t-i-c-u-l-a-r mount. U. S. is tick-sum. He puts his hind shoes in yer supper ther minnite yer say 'Whoa, now, Satan.' He's shitted hands proper often, and 'twas supposed, at fust, that U. S. made him a beast ov ourn, but now it's gen'ally supposed that U. S. means 'Ugly Satan.'"

Griff, during all this aimless, voluble, whisky eloquence, was exceedingly uneasy, not knowing but that the inkeeper, instead of being a fool himself, was fooling and beguiling *his* time until he should be tricked and captured by what "mine host" called "the free riders of the plains."

However, he had implicit confidence in the man's truthfulness as regarded the only horse in the slab-stable. She was knocking away vigorously at the back of her stall with her pliant heels when they entered, and she met Griff's first advance with a beaming, if not inviting smile.

On the young man saying that he would take the beast if he could mount her, the human-decanter charged upon the vicious brute with the pitchfork, and such a clatter ensued, that before Griff could make himself heard he concluded the whole slab edifice would be rattled down upon their heads.

"Let her alone," Griff managed to be understood at length, "and give me the bridle." When he had obtained the article, he sprang over the stall box, seized the animal by the nostrils, dashed the bits into her wide-open mouth, brought the vicious ears into their proper leather playground, and buckled the throat-latch before the astonished beast could tell whether she were in a nightmare state or otherwise.

"Now, U. S.," says Griff, with a ring in his voice that made her fickle, ticklish ears quiver, "back out, lively."

She did, carrying her hind elbows well akimbo, and showing to a rear spectator that her shoes were rights and lefts.

"Toss me the saddle, squire."

Squire tossed it with sagging jaw.

Griff took a twist of the bridle rein around his arm, filled his muscular fingers with U. S.'s mane, and turned the saddle, like a well-done flapjack, over U. S.'s back, and in a minute's time everything was ready for mounting.

"You can't get on," evidently thinks U. S. and the squire, while the two latter dance a double shuffle upon the plank floor. U. S. plays the first fiddle, and the decanter, fearful of broken sides and neck, does his best to get beyond the pale of Satan's rights and lefts.

But Griff, with his pertinacity of character, goes up and comes down like a triangle—just right.

"Get up, Satan," he says.

"I will," Satan replies in horse lingo, but it's tails first, and then a whole game of pitching heads and tails; and the decanter, at a safe distance, gloriously ecstatic over the invincible spirit of the fellow with a black mustache, "wishes to thunder that that show had cum off afore a crowd."

"I'll bate my hat that tails win," yells Bonny—"yer be keerful, mister, she'll gat ther bits afore her incisors an' bycuspids, an' bust yer sides agin a hairy-cane."

The last was swallowed up in the wild snort and plunge of U. S., who took to her paces now, stretched out like a leopard. Ugly Satan had been treated badly, no doubt, in her jockeying about, but she showed Griff before they had passed over five miles that she hadn't a stiff joint, and that her loose jacket covered an elastic, muscular system.

And although, when he first patted her back, she had shown a disposition to spring out of her coat, his low, even, soothing tones were felt. She stopped her savage run, and erecting her uncompromising ears, dropped into a long, even gallop, and then her rider had time to note how the rising wind whisked about his ears; and the darkness was shutting down like a pall, with wide, yellow mouths yawning in the inky banks of uprolling vapors.

Satan farther sobered into a trot, and directly, obedient to the master hand holding the bridle rein, she halted for him to listen.

Nothing could be heard beside the heavy rushing and hissing of the freshening gale. He settled his cap about his ears, spoke cheerily to the animal, and she started again, nervously and sidewise at first, no doubt having no definite idea of getting forward in the world unless pronged forward with spur and pitchfork.

Griff, harassed by the alarming information given him by the mistaken landlord, placed his pistols in the handiest possible position, and kept on his course.

The storm began. The thunder rumbled ominously low down, the lightning flashed and winked from behind pillars of cloud, which were brought out by this sort of foot-lights in a thousand fantastic or awful forms.

Gradually the rumbling deepened, the lightning, if less frequent, became more vivid and the horseman felt some apprehensions concerning the manner in which his beast would accept the inevitable exposure to the furious elements.

The crashing tempest gathered strength and paused directly overhead. The red thunderbolts descended on this side and on that, and a deafening roar of wind and rain commingled and burst upon the traveller's head. A terrific ball of fire spun from mid-heaven to earth not a stone's throw in front of the animal's quivering form, and the heavy peal accompanying it took the breath of both horse and rider; while midway through its hollow, rattling reverberations, struck a sharper, thinner report.

Another. Powers of earth and air! it must be a delusion of the overwrought nerves. No, look! a broad sheet of elastic fire comes jerking from the surcharged clouds, and for an instant illuminates the vast plain. Like the phantasy of a fevered brain, two flying horsemen, sharply defined in the lurid glare, dash from the left across his trail, and are shut in by the tangible darkness that succeeds the lighting up.

Headless of bit or rein, the high-headed beast of Griff's turns squarely to the right and makes the third spectre rushing through the storm. Dismayed at this unlooked-for event, he grips the rein with all his power. She shakes her head and goes her gait.

Another blinding glare shows him the beast in a straight line with the others, and jumping the prairie with the power of the fabled centaurs. It shows him also the long hair of Wild Bill swishing heavily and wet in the gale. They exchange shots again while the scene is lighted up, and he feels disconcerted and disgusted with his unwilling position, being so in line with the evil-disposed bullet of the turned-about forward horseman that he is sure it went *whizzing* troublesomely near his ear.

What is to be the result if they keep on in this manner? Griff abandoned the idea of whirling the mare about, but bethought him that it were safest to dismount.

He suited the action to the thought, and was off in the grass before the next—now loitering flash—should show him to friend or foe. The power of the tempest was spent, the wind rushed and lulled, and the thunder went rumbling down the eastern sky.

Griff struck off to the left, hoping to come upon the old trail without difficulty, but lacked confidence somewhat, for the stillest, thickest darkness was following the brilliant glow of the sweeping storm. He straggled aimlessly, only being sure that he was going in a direction opposite to that taken by the wild riders.

An occasional flicker of the spent tempest trembled like a faint auroral display along the east, but it showed him only the sodden earth, with the sighing, bedraggled grasses, and the wide, wide, woodless plain. An hour must have passed, perhaps more, and Griff said to himself:

"I'm off the trail, and might as well wait until daylight."

So he moved slowly, with frequent pauses to listen. It did not seem possible that all the heavy sighing around him was made by the wind in the wild rye and rank herbage. Another hour of idle wandering to keep his blood in circulation, as his clothing was drenched with rain, and then he knew that he was near a stream. He could hear it fretting along its uneven bottom.

He suddenly paused. He had heard a movement in the grass near him. The east flashed brilliantly at that moment and showed him a man squatted upon his haunches and staring straight at him, while a pistol at short range, pointing at his vitals, effected a "halt" before the crouching figure had put the challenge in words. But Griff had made out his features.

"Wild Bill!" he ejaculated.

"And you're the fellar as was mounted a spell ago—eh?"

"Yes, and who in the fiend's name were we all pursuing?"

"Red Kelly, I reckon."

"Ah, what have you done with him?"

"Bile his bones! nothin' yet. He wan't after me. He was in ambush, an' I rode onto him afore I knowed it. He took ter his heels an' I after him, and I swar ef yer didn't bounce off the edge of er thunderbolt an' come after us both."

"Credit that action to my beast, which became ungovernable; but how far am I from the wide trail that strikes into the caravan route leading from the Texas border?"

"Owing, stranger, to what time an' way yer travil. Ef by daylight on hoss-back, 'bout an hour's smart gallip would bring yer forrard corks upon ther trail; ef by night an' afoot it might take from sun to sun, 'cause yer'd be cussid sure ter head ther wrong way every time yer turned."

"Precisely; and if you do not mind I will tarry near you until I can see my way."

"Yer'd better, stranger, for I ken tell yer not used to ther plains, of yer did do a smart thing in dismountin'. Had yer clung ter yer beast she'd led yer into difficulty. I know the critter an' hav' tried to shoot her two or three times, allus when she carried a red scoundrel on her back. She knew the beast rid by the head fellar, and had yer set in yer stirrups she'd er tuk yer into a camp ov Sioux as is planted about five mile from our roostin' place."

"It must be past midnight?"

"Some; but we're better here than skulkin' about in a dark like this. You're the new sheriff —— of L—— county—eh?"

"How do you know?" asked Griff. "I hardly have had word of it myself."

"Why, stranger, yer spotted all along this section—didn't yer know that one of you fellars—sheriffs—never resigns office?"

"Hold to the business—ah!"

"Something like; but they don't hev time ter resign. They ar' *perjoted*."

Griff began to understand.

"The last chap ov your beat riz from a sheriff's perish ter the forked crotch over cottonwood, or walnut—thar they dipped his candle."

"That promises well," said Griff, in an unconcerned tone.

"Now, then, stranger, how'd ye know ter call out 'Wild Bill' by ther flash ov er thunderclond?"

"I saw you at Fort H—— in June."

"Yas—list!"

Their conversation had been carried on in an almost inaudible tone, and both at the same instant, thought that they heard a heavy movement in the grass. The men softly threw themselves down and grasped their pistols. They heard the sound again, but farther from them, and yet again but fainter. It might be a wounded animal; at least their safest way was to await an attack.

They remained unmolested until daylight. Wild Bill's horse was tethered a little way down the brook, but whither Griff's U. S. had taken herself was unknown. They separated where the trail forked, and the unhorsed traveller was assured by the famous scout, that he could, by swinging off to the east for about four miles, at a trading-post secure a pick of safer horse-flesh than that which he had just abandoned.

"An' yer better do it. Thar's nothin' likely ter get through this section safe, unless he's owlish an' flits in ther dusk. Two nights agone, I made out a big show of beacon-fires ragin' not far away, an' thar's allus somebody ter light 'em, yer know."

The new sheriff thought the advice of the scout to be good, and struck off directly east, where, as he had been informed, he found a horse that would mind the bit.

In due season he had the privilege of safely rendering up the important papers which had been secured between his stocking feet and his boot soles, and of turning backward upon the route. He did not pursue the same course back that he had ridden down. He held to toward the eastward, making a much longer but safer journey to travel.

CHAPTER XI.

GRIFF GUIDES THE OFFICERS' WIVES TO THE FORT.

Griff rested and fed his horse, and took dinner himself at a small settlement located on a little tributary of the A—— river. Here he found two ladies—wives of officers at the military stations beyond—anxiously awaiting an escort to the fort. They were eastern women, naturalized to western life, and as brave and energetic as that class of women usually are.

Their husbands respectively, Major Pitman and Captain Cluny, had for several years held stations in troublesome Northern Texas; but desiring change of base they had been promoted a degree or two, and moved farther up the western border where their salaries were increased, and their chances of living their three score years and ten were not worth a farthing candle.

The ladies had been guided and guarded along the route as far as this small settlement by a company of rangers; here they expected to meet their huge lords, and under the shadow of their protective wings to be borne in safety inside the barracks.

They had waited for twenty-four hours already when Griff arrived; and when a woman bides patiently against her will *beyond* that period she should be canonized.

"Mrs. Pitman," said the other lady, decidedly, "I shan't wait any longer for Alfred. I am going on to the station with this gentleman."

"Are you? I believe that I shall not remain behind," said the major's spirited little wife.

"Will you take us along?" questioned Mrs. P.

"Take you along," repeats Griff humorously. "What can I do with you? My knapsack wouldn't admit one, and—"

"Oh, now," she broke in, "how sorry you are about your knapsack; but may we ride in company with you to the fort?"

"Seriously, ladies," returned Griff, "it would give me pleasure to escort you on your route; but I fear to have you go so poorly protected. The way is barred with dangers; we could not hope to arrive until past midnight, and if any accident befell us, I could not expect to protect you. Is there no one hereabouts to keep us company? Two or three good men."

Mrs. Cluny shrugged her shoulders, and answered in a low tone—

"That class of men are not waiting here the picking up. I wouldn't choose to take a number of the settlers off for that length of time, for the bright patches here and there to the westward last night portend, our host informs us, the Indians signalling each other for some mischief."

"I know; I saw them myself," returned the young man, "and that is the very reason that I dissuade you from a night ride without ample protection."

"And the very reason that we choose to get immediately under the protection of the fortification."

The young man still hesitated; until Major Pitman's lady, who seemed to brook little restraint upon her will, exclaimed, "I shall follow you, if you are so ungenerous as not to allow me your company."

Griff's fine face flushed a little, but he immediately replied—

"Of course, dear madam, you can go if you will, and I will do all within my power to afford you a safe journey."

"That is something like," she replied, the bright smile instantly returning to her piquant face.

"And if you please to be ready immediately we will be off, and cross as much of the country as we can by daylight."

They were speedily equipped and mounted, Mrs. Cluny continually recurring to the strange absence of their husbands, or the proper escort.

"I shouldn't wonder," remarked an old veteran from the doorway of the shanty, honored with the title of public house, "ef the off-'sirs an' soljery had ther hands full at ther barracks. It's about the time of ther distrebushun ov government supplies to them ar pieces er tribes as say they won't fight'n quirrel no more ef Satamy 'll gin em sum sugar plums an' a chance at ther U. S. grab-bag."

"What do you think of this business?" Mrs. Pitman continued the conversation as the three rode along, "of the United States coming the Santa Claus and filling the noble red men's stockings—if you please—with presents to make good boys of them."

"The practice in general as I view it has a pernicious effect; especially, so long as the presents consist, in any degree, of firearms and ammunition."

"And bad whisky?" put in Mrs. Cluny.

"And," continued Mrs. Pitman, "my husband affirms that half the Indian outrages upon the settlements have been committed by those who have ridden to the massacre upon horses branded U. S. in the flank; have shot the settlers with government guns in their hands, and government powder in their flasks or pouches."

"No doubt; and your policy, I presume," Griff went on, smiling, "would be no quarter, no quarter."

"I have no faith in the obedience which is bought, as it only begets covetousness."

"It certainly has that effect in too many cases; but what is to be done with the red men is a problem yet unsolved. There are just intractable once enough to be led by the bloodthirsty chiefs, and renegade whites, who join them to shun the law which they have violated, to make conciliatory terms ineffective, and leave our commanders in doubt which policy is the better one."

The matter was ably discussed by the party, and the times were such as brought the subject home to the heart.

Both ladies proved dashing riders, and held their fiery Texan horses abreast of the spirited beast ridden by Griff.

Through the afternoon and early evening they had followed the trail that led them through thriving young settlements daringly nestling upon the open prairie, and their paces had been easy and pleasant.

"For," said the escort, "we will reserve our best gait for the open plain, which we will have to traverse for several long hours, finding but one embryo town eight miles this side the fort after we turn from the broad old trail."

At the last township on the train route Griff proposed a halt and supper.

"Not for us," said Mrs. Cluny, "not unless you or your horse are in need of refreshments. I don't feel as if I could halt again outside the stockade."

"It was only for you that I cared," replied the young man. "My animal was fresh this morning and rested two hours at noon. My wish is also to push on."

"Push on," challenged Major Pitman's lady, lightly touching her fiery steed, and casting a brilliant smile upon her companions as she cantered on in advance of them.

The dusk was settling heavily as the watchword "push on" set the equestrians into a swinging canter; but after a few moments of this smart leadership, the lively little woman had to gracefully yield the position of van rider, lest she should go astray on the unfamiliar route.

As the dusk deepened into darkness, by tacit consent a silence fell upon the party, and when any remark was made it was in suppressed tones.

Their eyes wandered over the wide stretch of country. No signal fires were gleaming; as far as might be known to this small party the whole world beyond themselves might be asleep with its head upon its arm.

At eight o'clock they passed through the last settlement. Fifteen long level miles lay between it and the fort. In this place the grog-shops were all lighted up and in full blast. The reeking stench of tobacco and bad gin might well suggest an altar of incense in the fabled regions of Satan. A wild medley of sounds jounced around in the calm, sweet night. Tongues wagged heavy with senseless curses; chins drove against the upper jaws with dislocating hiccoughs which had been swallowed with the whisky—everything about was loose and on end.

Boys were pitching coppers in the patch of light which the flaring lamps cast upon the street; and feeling the unholy influences the two ladies pressed closer to their companion, and whipping up their steeds swept hurriedly through the place, to the gaping displeasure of the curious loungers near by.

As time sped on one moment a feeling of assured safety held possession of the two women's breasts—the next, a realization of the perils that might surround them, chilled the blood. No sound went out from the small party save the even strokes of the horses feet and the tantalizing jangle of some loose buckle about Mrs. Pitman's bridle.

Half way between the settlement and the fort had he passed safely over; but for some little time Griff had sat uneasily in his saddle. Of a sudden Mrs. Pitman drew up her horse.

"What is that sound which seems to come from back along our route? There! Mr. Griff, isn't that firing?"

"Yes, madam, I think that it is."

"What can it mean?"

"It may be those lawless fellows, target shooting by lamp-light."

"Hardly," she said, with a sarcastic intonation. "They don't practice target firing in volleys, do they?"

"No;" he frankly returned.

"Is it at the settlement which we passed far back? How clear the air must be, for us to hear it."

"It is a piece to the westward of that, and nearer."

"What then?"

"Troops, doubtless, encountering some fugitive or combatant war-party; and I propose that we try our best gait."

The momentarily halting party struck into a rushing gallop. It took but a short time to pass over another three miles, and then it was Griff who drew rein.

He had heard the rattle of musketry on another quarter, away in front of them; and almost simultaneously the bugles at the fort blew—boot and saddle."

"The firing in the rear," said the clear tones of Mrs. Pitman, "is drawing nearer."

"The last volley, Mr. Griff," questioned the captain's lady, "was *in front?*"

"You are right, madam. There seem to be two parties advancing upon the fort."

"What are we to do?"

There was not a quaver in the brave woman's voice.

"Advance? or retreat?"

"By all means advance. We may be able to get within the stockade before they come up."

The solemn, mellow voice of the bugle still urged and aroused the soldiery, and the first tumultuous roll and rumble of the drums was distinctly audible.

"Every soldier and orderly is in the saddle by this time," aspirated young Hume.

"Don't hold back for us, Mr. Griff," exclaimed Major Pitman's wife, in her bell-like tones, "we are as well mounted as you—try us."

"If I lead you straight through a galling fire, do not falter. To linger is death. They are Indians and ruffians together—the savages alone never come on in that steady style."

"Lead, and we follow!" was the clear response.

Straight forward now without a falter or pause. The martial spirit of the cavalry horse ridden by Griff sniffed the battle from afar, and needed no spur. No doubt, if the noble creature could have spoken, he would have disdained the remembrance that he had travelled nearly forty miles that day; as he could not speak, he allowed his actions to express his feelings.

Nearer and nearer. The sharp rattle of musketry struck like a hammer upon the vibrating brains of the flying party.

Evidently a detachment of infantry broken in two and patrolling to the south and to the west of the fort, had stumbled upon an ambuscade. Gradually they were being driven in.

"They have got between us and the stockade," shouted Griff, above the rattle and crash and roar of the near discharges, "close up each side of me—bend to your horses' necks, and cling to your seats."

He dropped his own bridle, seized a rein of the animals on each side, and driving his spurs into his steed with a wild, hoarse yell, sprang among and through the combatants.

It was a reckless and daring exploit that would succeed once in a hundred times, in ninety-nine would insure disaster and death.

They went like a shuttle through a cross-fire of friends and foes, and had well nigh lost their lives from the muskets of the sentinels at the fortification, who in the darkness and excitement only recognized the voice of a woman, Mrs. Pitman herself, calling out the watch-word in time to withhold a bayonet thrust into the breast of the gallant young escort.

Not an instant was spent in congratulations—but Griff wheeled his horse to dash into the affray.

He spoke with General Cusnaday.

"We are in a fearful strait," explained that gallant but disabled veteran. "Thirty of our best men are away with Major Pitman and Captain Cluny, to meet and escort in their wives."

"Why, God of Heaven! I have just brought the ladies in. Where have we missed them?"

"Doubtless they took the western trail, while you came by the eastern."

"And they are being driven in at this very moment."

"We are in the greatest peril; if the border demons get between our men and the fort, you can guess the end."

"Quick—your plans. I must join the soldiers—every man tells."

"To keep them from cutting our troops off. A courier at sunset brought word that a large party of Sioux and bush-whackers were making in toward the station. They must have known of our reduced strength by some treachery in our midst. We hazarded the life of a boy—young McDury—to send to K—— after the regulars. If he lives to reach that place, he will doubtless find them absent on some embassy. Hah! what a volley?"

These hurried explanations were all that Griff paused to hear. The rush and roar, the shouts and hoarse yells were close up to the stockade. It was too steady and straightforward a battle to allow one to suppose that any great amount of Indian element was intermixed in the strife.

No; the majority of the assailants were those who were renegades and convicts—outlaws of every grade.

The women in the fort, blanched and trembling with fear, listened to the fiendish shouts, but a few hundred yards outside on the plains; and to add to the ghastly havoc, the waning moon swung solemnly above the distant horizon, and showed the canopy of smoke and the close and orderly retreat of the handful of troops toward the garrison. Shrill-neighing, wounded and ungovernable horses now and then burst from the enveloping pall, and dashed, too often riderless, away.

Major Pitman could be distinctly heard urging his men to "close up, steady—fire," and then his wife from a loophole, sweeping beyond the smoke with a night-glass, discovered grim, spectral, advancing figures farther out to the northward, and thought with chilling agony—

"Savage reinforcements, and we are lost."

(To be continued in our next. Commenced in No. 8.)

☞ The bodies of Mrs. Everett and Mrs. Constable (sisters) who mysteriously disappeared in June last—when they went to visit the horse show at the Alexandra Park, near London—were found on August 21st in the ruins of the Alexandra Palace. No clue has been discovered as to how the deceased found their way into the building. The general belief is that they wandered unnoticed into the ruins and were buried under some portion of the masonry which suddenly gave way. The bodies were much decomposed. Their watches and chains were found on them.

THE MYSTERY OF TRENDLEDEEP MANOR.

BY PERCY B. ST. JOHN.

CHAPTER LVII.

CAPTAIN WALTER ARUNDELL'S ROMANCE.

The one absorbing thought of John Haldane's life was his daughter. Rich, accomplished, still young, though past the early bloom of girlhood, which is so beautiful though so evanescent, she was what would be called a magnificent woman, while her intellect was of a very superior order.

This enabled her to assume a calm serenity, which never allowed the volcanic fires below to be even suspected.

She had mistaken the open confidence, the cheerful, unrestrained conversation of Walter, his womanly tenderness, the satisfaction with which he sought her society, for much warmer feelings—a very natural mistake, into which many of the weaker sex fall—never, however, after once seeing the expression of real and passionate love in a man's face.

John Haldane and his daughter occupied a very stately though old-fashioned suite of rooms in a celebrated posting-house, which, in its days of glory, had been the resort of the chief gentry of the neighborhood, and where now were held those subscription balls which were necessitated by such events as the race week, volunteer meetings, and the like.

He had his reasons for being near the residence of Hubert Treherne Mordaunt.

He travelled in quite a princely style. Like many others upon whom riches have fallen rather unexpectedly, he was peculiarly fond of magnificence. His retinue of servants was large, and their liveries splendid, without being gaudy or vulgar.

He found Eleanor seated near a bay-window, reading, while a kind of companion, a lady of nearly her own age, who had been one of her governesses, worked at no great distance, ready to enter into conversation if the other felt inclined.

With a readiness which arose from habit, she rose and went out as the father entered.

"Well," said Eleanor, with a smile, "and where have you been playing the truant so long?"

"Ever engaged on business," he answered, gaily; "but I suppose an end will come soon, though, truly, I belive there is no real rest save in the grave.'

"Captain Walter Arundell!" said a voice, as the door flew open.

Father and daughter sprang to their feet—the first overwhelmed with surprise mingled with pleasure, while Eleanor, to say the truth, knew scarcely which way to look to hide the bright radiance of her blushes. Never had Walter Arundell seen her look so genuinely beautiful in his life. He, however, advanced without betraying the slightest emotion toward the pair.

"I have only just heard of your arrival, Miss Haldane," he said, with his old frank smile, shaking hands heartily with her, while he offered his left to John Haldane, "and hasten to pay my respects. The air of country life seems to agree with you."

"Considering," she said, laughing to hide her confusion, "that I reached the country yesterday, the effect of the change must have been magical. You, however, do no credit to the character of the neighborhood. You appear singularly pale and haggard."

"Sleepless nights, late hours—the fault, I am afraid, I must own to. But it is never too late to mend. If you are going to make any stay, we shall have some of our old quiet evenings—music, chess, and the fine arts," he continued, with a gayety which puzzled John Haldane, while it rather hurt the feelings of poor Eleanor.

"Will you dine with us, Walter?" said the other, partly to change the subject, partly to gain an object he had in view.

"With pleasure," answered Walter.

"Then I will leave you with Eleanor, while I see my friend Wilson, the architect, who is beautifying my new mansion, Ever Castle. What say you, Walter? The Crown has been pleased to offer me a baronetcy. Sir John Haldane, of Ever Castle, Baronet, would not sound badly—if, indeed, I had a son to leave my honors, dignities, and title to."

And, without waiting for an answer to what he felt to be a stinging speech, John Haldane went out, little suspecting how fatally he might, under other circumstances, have frustrated the one dear object he had in view.

Eleanor had sat down at the window. Walter took a seat close to her.

"I have not only very grave words to say to you, Eleanor," he almost faltered, after a pause, as if trying to collect his thoughts, "but I have to ask your advice upon the most momentous occasion of a man's life."

Eleanor shivered inwardly, but made no sign.

"I am going to tell you a story which resolves itself into the answer to a very brief question, whether a man should marry the woman he loves or the woman who loves him?"

"Walter!"

"Excuse me. That is not the proper way to put it. Should a man in a moment of insensate and precipitate passion marry a woman for whom he has had a sudden impulse—a kind of fancy—or should he wed one who might in time learn to love, respect, and appreciate him?"

"It's hard to give an opinion upon so important a subject, Walter, without knowing the exact facts of the case," she observed, with unusual mildness.

"You shall know them; in fact, you shall be my father confessor," he continued, with a calm and proud gravity that became him well.

Eleanor simply nodded. Some instinct told her she was about to pass through some terrible trial, perhaps a trial beyond her strength.

He then told her the whole story of his fancied love for Maud, and how, upon closer examination, he had found he did not really care for her, and that he had resolved not to think of her more. He also told her that he had resolved to sacrifice his position as heir to Sir Vincent to Cecil.

"You have done well," was all she said.

"Have I? That remains to be seen. Eleanor, I am not about to give up all idea of future happiness. On Sunday evening, when I make the supreme decision of my life, I shall want some consolation for whatever I yield."

"What consolation?"

"*You!*"

A great rush of blood, first from heart to face, and then from face to heart, giving her first the blush of the rose, and then the pallor of the lily, was the only reply given for one moment.

Walter took her hand, which remained unresistingly for one moment in his.

"Walter," she said, as soon as she could gain courage to speak, "perhaps you may mean this kindly. You asked me a question just now—should you marry the woman you loved, or the woman who loved you? Do you mean to insinuate that I love you?"

"Yes!"

It was a terrible risk to answer thus; it might have wholly ruined his cause.

"Walter Arundell, this is very ungenerous. What have I ever done to authorize you to speak in this manner? Leave me; I can never forgive you."

"It is the heiress of Ever Castle, not my old friend, Eleanor, who speaks," said Walter, rising and stretching his hand out for his hat. "I thought—I thought—you might have spared a proud man any explanation of his position. I am not worthy of you—you are far above me in rank and position. I have only one thing to say in extenuation of any insolence I may have been guilty of, and that is, that I really do love you, and I believe, despite my momentary infatuation, have always done so."

"You love me?"

"Yes, Eleanor; I swear to you that it is only some strange mental blindness which has concealed the fact from me hitherto, and if you will take a poor, battered soldier, and strive to make him happy, he will only be too grateful, and endeavor to be all in all to you in return."

"Can I believe you, Walter?" she asked, tenderly, and we may be assured not without a perfect rush of happiness, which had not been known to her for many days.

"On my word as a gentleman, on my honor as a soldier, on my oath as a lover!" he replied and we decline to enter into full particulars of what followed.

Half an hour later they were seated together like regular old lovers, discussing a variety of subjects, the details of which will speedily appear.

While they were still engaged in earnest conversation, speaking low, holding hands, and whispering, John Haldane entered.

Eleanor rose to escape from the room, but Walter Arundell gently detained her.

"Mr. Balthazar," he said, merrily, "I think you may accept her majesty's offer of a baronetcy. I think, if you will ask for it, I might take the name of Haldane, it is quite as good as Arundell."

"Boy—boy—I can't make you out," cried John Haldane, "but I believe you have made me very happy."

It would be in vain to strive to describe that happy dinner, the mutual explanations that ensued, the light, pleasant, merry talk that lasted for hours.

Had Walter told the whole truth? We think not. To any one but a woman in love his inconsistency would have been transparent; but he had thoroughly made up his mind.

CHAPTER LVIII.

THE DENOUEMENT.

We must now pass to the important Sunday that was to decide the fate of the false Hubert Mordaunt.

The dinner-party at Sir Vincent's duly came off. The sham Hubert compelled the signorina and Lucy to accompany him, and Walter Arundell was there, radiant with his new-found happiness. John Haldane had received an invitation, and was present with his daughter. Previously a visit had been made to the cellar of the Red Lion, and the body of the steward had been found. Sir Vincent had had an interview with Mr. Meriton and Grossbeak, in the course of which he was made acquainted with all particulars of the deception which had been practised on him, and every one expected that there would now be an end to all the misery, doubt, and uncertainty which had surrounded the two families. The dinner passed off quietly enough, till, during the dessert, a servant announced that some one wished to speak with Sir Vincent. Before the latter could reply, Grossbeak entered, followed by two rough fellows, and immediately afterward Mr. Meriton stepped forward and confronted the supposed Hubert. Grossbeak hurried across the room, and seizing the latter by the collar, said, in a loud voice—

"Albert Mordaunt, murderer, forger, and attempted fratricide, I arrest you in the name of the law!"

To say that all were surprised would be to exaggerate. Lady Blanche, Cecil, and Lucy did, however open their eyes both with astonishment and horror.

"Take away your hands," said the wretched man, "I am Hubert Mordaunt—Albert is long since dead."

"I am Hubert Mordaunt, most unnatural brother," said Mr. Meriton, standing forward; "that I am alive is no fault of yours. You have murdered your wretched accomplice—and the other night would have committed murder on my body, but that Providence stood in your way."

"Mercy!" cried the wretched culprit, whose eyes were fixed with horror on the two men behind Grossbeak, in whom he recognized two of the keepers of Gibbersmoor Lunatic Asylum; "don't give me up to them."

"Give me the paper which has enabled you to play my part so long," said the real Hubert, coldly.

Grossbeak took from his prisoner's breast a pocket-book, and tossed it to Mrs. Mordaunt. She opened it eagerly, and took out the fatal document which had enabled the false master of Trendledeep to play his part so long.

"Thus I restore to my husband his rights," she said; and placed it in Hubert's hands.

"This moment repays me for all my sufferings!" cried Hubert.

"Mercy, Hubert—mercy!" exclaimed the wretched man, falling on his knees. "I confess everything?"

"Choose, then! Human justice, if you are sane, must be satisfied. I can forgive you everything; but what of the murder of your wretched steward and accomplice? If you are sane, you must be tried for that crime; if you are insane, the wrongs of society would be sufficiently avenged by your returning to your old quarters at Gibbersmoor."

Albert began to laugh vacantly. All his cunning seemed to fail him—all the superhuman art that had sustained him in his grand imposture for so many years deserted him in this his hour of trial.

He pointed to the door, and without hesitation walked toward it between the two keepers.

He neither looked to the right or left, but had his eyes fixed horribly on vacancy.

Hubert, as he disappeared, sank into a chair, and burst into tears—tears of deep and fervent sorrow.

"After all," he said, "he is my brother; but what can I do?"

His wife and daughter took each a hand, and consoled him as well as they could.

"Never again can he hope to know freedom," continued Hubert, rising; "but every comfort consistent with safety shall be his. And now the hour grows late."

"Mr. Hubert Treherne Mordaunt," said the baronet, advancing, and taking his hand, "you do not leave my house thus. We are friends, and I hope that an alliance between our families"—looking significantly at Cecil and Lucy—"may reconcile all difficulties, and unite the two houses of Mordaunt more intimately than ever. You know our estates run parallel."

"I take your hand as that of a friend," replied Mr. Hubert, averting his eyes from the beseeching looks of Cecil and the blushes of Lucy; "but my daughter cannot marry the heir of Sir Vincent Mordaunt."

"Neither shall she, said the grave voice of the supposed Walter Arundell. "I, Herbert, eldest son of Sir Vincent, introduce you to my younger brother Cecil," and with a gay laugh he held out his hand, "who is young enough to prefer the smiles of Lucy Mordaunt to the broad acres of his father."

The two young men, who had previously come to an explanation, shook hands heartily.

"Merciful Heaven, what is the meaning of this?" cried Lady Blanche, sinking back into a chair. "Sir Vincent, contradict this man!"

"Blanche, I am compelled to introduce you to my elder son—the heir to my title and estate. I suffer now for one of the great sins of my youth. Cecil, thanks to our second British embassy marriage, is also my legitimate child, as are my girls."

"You beat me there," said John Haldane, with a strange smile. "When I vowed vengeance in my wrath, I thought that you would have the miserable punishment of finding your marriage void and your children illegitimate. Thank Heaven that it has turned out otherwise, and that Cecil and Herbert are indeed brothers!"

"You had a wife living when we were married?" cried Lady Blanche.

"I did not know it," said Sir Vincent; "but all that shall be explained. We now await Mr. Mordaunt's decision. Cecil will have all my savings—will have his mother's property. He is no pauper."

Hubert was thunderstruck at this new combination, but when satisfied that it was all true, cried to Cecil—

"Take her with all my heart!"

Cecil and Lucy took each a hand, and thanked him warmly by their looks.

"Hubert, dear, you have made me so happy," whispered his wife.

"You, too, against me? Well, better the poor lad than the mercenary elder brother," returned Hubert.

"And now," said Walter, gravely, "this is to be considered settled irrevocably?"

"On my honor as a man," replied Hubert, coldly.

"Then listen to Herbert Mordaunt for the last time. My much-respected father, and you, my lady mother, who look not smilingly on the interloper, learn that I have played my part of heir to the baronetcy for one night only. Hear me! I never dreamed of robbing Cecil of his name or of his inheritance. I knew of Mr. Hubert's rash vow, and to release him from it, determined to assert and prove my rights. You own me, Sir Vincent, for your legitimate elder son, and acknowledge all these documents to be valid and genuine?"

"I do—on my honor as a man and my faith as a Christian," cried Sir Vincent.

"Enough! You have done my mother justice—that is all I ask. By this act I become plain Walter Arundell again, unless Mr. Hubert retracts his word."

And he cast all the papers into the flames, stirring them with a poker, while he held off John Haldane, who tried frantically to capture them.

"Madman!" he gasped forth.

"Noble fellow!" "Hero!" "My glorious brother, I cannot accept!" were the varied cries that burst from all around.

"Hear me," said Walter, holding up his hand. "A young lady here present, without the fear of her father or anybody else before her eyes, has promised to be my wife. As she is of age, she gave me her promise without conditions. Her wicked and hard-hearted father may cut us off with a shilling—in which case, I have my pay and a trifle of my wife's—or he may consent."

"And make you lord of Ever Castle," said the surprised and half-gratified John Haldane.

"In which case I shall take the name and style of Sir Walter Arundell Haldane," continued the imperturbable captain of dragoons.

John Haldane laughed, and that which was said on the spur of the moment shortly after proved true.

Cecil married Lucy as the only son of Sir Vincent, while Arundell married his wife as the adopted son and sole heir of John Haldane, of Ever Castle, Baronet, and had no cause to repent his generosity. Cecil remained always his fervent friend, treated with the respectful familiarity of a younger brother.

The family secret was never whispered beyond the circle to which it was made known on that night.

Both Sir Vincent and John Haldane paid a visit to Mr. Newcome Twist, and as may be guessed, he had a "bad quarter of an hour" between the two of them. They compelled him to give up every document he had relating to the Mordaunt family, and he shortly afterward retired from business, and sank into his native obscurity.

Lady Blanche fretted a little, and lived in continual awe of Walter, but soon got over this, when he stood godfather to Cecil's eldest son.

The three families were now as united as they were once separated.

Two years after the departure of the sham Hubert to Gibbersmoor Asylum, Mr. Grossbeak, who was now steward of all the real Hubert's estates, was astounded by the arrival of a mounted messenger from the celebrated lunatic asylum, who was at once ushered into his sanctum.

"Anybody dead?" asked Grossbeak, surprised at the other's scared and terrified look.

"Not quite; but Thomas and Jones are half killed. Mr. Mordaunt knocked 'em down with a heavy stick, splitting their skulls open, and escaped in the confusion."

"The deuce! I must call Mr. Hubert," responded the other, ringing.

In ten minutes Mr. Mordaunt, stout and well, joined them. He heard the story with alarm.

"We must scour the country," he said, "and when he is caught he must be rigidly confined. It is a sad trouble, but he must be found. Neither I nor my wife can be safe. You must set every engine to work."

And every engine was set to work, but he was not found for some months. Then an emaciated body was discovered in the lower cellar of the Red Lion.

A spade and a mattock and a small hole showed the object of the maniac.

He had come there to strive and hide the evidences of his crime, long since buried.

In all probability the wretched man had died of starvation.

THE END.

☞ Never was a sincere word utterly lost. Never a magnanimity fell to the ground but there is some heart to greet and accept it unexpectedly.

Taking Aim with Both Eyes.

[From "The Breech Loader."]

Our author quotes Mr. Dougall's "Shooting Simplified," as follows:

"The proper way is to throw the gun well up and into the shoulder; the setting off of the stock will then bring the gun right in front of the face; and, the head being erect, and *both eyes* fixed intently on the object, the line of motion is commanded, and the aim taken instinctively. The central pellets have thus an allowance given them to compensate for distance and the motion of the object. You look along an imaginary line, higher at the breech according to distance, and at this elevation the gun is fired, exactly as a rifle target shooter sets his breech sights to a given distance.

"How does a man drive a nail? Certainly not by closing one eye and looking along the hammer; but, with both eyes open, he mechanically balances the hammer and strikes instinctively, never, if accustomed to the use of the tool, missing his aim. It is the same in shooting. In Once-a-Week is an article, signed D. P., which indirectly bears upon this: 'Binocular vision, then, or the seeing with two eyes, is a most important element in the faculty of sight. To this we owe all our real sense of distance or relief. * * * * * To many it may seem rather paradoxical to declare that monocular (one-eyed) vision is destitute of any real sense of distance. * * * * * Place upon the table an empty small-mouthed vial, and taking another similar bottle full of water in one hand, shut either eye and approach the bottle upon the table; then, without any searching motion, stretch your arm quickly out and pour the water from the full barrel fairly into the other. In doing this, although you may not be absolutely unsuccessful, you will not fail to be conscious of a difficulty in judging distance, which disappears immediately upon opening the other eye, plainly proving that judgment and experience, without any optical sense of relief, were guiding your first efforts. A similar uncertainty will be experienced in endeavoring to approach and snuff a candle with one eye shut.' It is the 'judgment and experience' part which misleads the one-eye advocates. Through great practice they do shoot well, and, therefore, insist upon others throwing away the 'real sense of distance' and 'optical sense,' which in taking aim are so invaluable. Men whose eyes are wide apart always excel in shooting through plain optical causes. The nearer the eyes are, the less is the binocular power, and yet how strange it is to find sportsmen who would still further narrow this fine provision of nature into the diameter of one retina only. Throwing the fowling piece into a line with the object of aim by an instinctive effort, keeping both eyes firmly fixed and following the flight of the object, is the first great principle in shooting well."

Men who have been excellent shots have carried the principle of two-eyed shooting to such an extent that they have always shot from the hip. Others have never raised a gun above the elbow. Within two years I have seen a man who, having lost his left arm, had acquired the power to throw the left shoulder forward for his gun to rest upon, and fired across his body, without an attempt to aim. He was said to be a fine shot.

Pursuing Mr. Dougall's illustration of a man driving a nail, many similar examples might be mentioned. The American backwoodsman is remarkably dexterous with his axe. He takes no sight. The long-handled weapon is swung aloft, while his eyes are riveted upon the tree, and the axe descends, stroke after stroke, never varying; if the felled tree is examined, it shows only a long, continued cut, with but one mark of the blade, and it looks as if one stroke has severed it. This proves that he has not once missed his mark, although he has had no aim.

Watch two blacksmiths as their sledge hammers alternate upon the anvil. They take no aim. It is the same throughout the whole list of those working at skilled labor.

Boys take no aim or sight when throwing stones; and yet, if their practice is sufficient, they become good marksmen. Indians with blow-guns are another example. As the reed is put to the mouth, and the arrow propelled by the breath, it is impossible that the one-eyed aim can be taken. But yet they are astonishing marksmen, and their aim undoubtedly is the two-eyed aim. The same is true of them with their bows and arrows.

The "slingers" of the ancient days, and the lasso-throwers of the present day, had and have the eyes alone to guide them. Fancy them taking a squint with one eye before they hurled their missiles!

These instances and authorities should be sufficient to induce sportsmen to put their accuracy to a test. The wild fowler particularly should understand these principles. By adopting them, he will find the range and power of his gun increased and his bag proportionately better filled. Fewer cripples will have to be chased, and fewer wounded birds will fly off, apparently unhurt, but in reality to die a lingering death.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

SHELLS. By ELLA WHEELER. Author of "Drops of Water," and other poems. Published by Hauser & Storey, Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

Many will be surprised, as we were, in looking over this neat and tasteful volume, to find how many sweet and excellent things Ella Wheeler has written. Nothing better, we still think, than our old favorite, "A Summer Day," which happens to please our taste; but others, we doubt not, would be preferred by many readers; some for their pathos, coming from the heart and reaching the heart as surely, such as "Life and Death," "Jamie," "Daft," Buried To-Day"—some for the playful grace of "Three Years Old"—

"A robin up in the linden-tree
Merrily sings this lay—
'Somebody sweet is three years old—
Three years old to-day!'
Somebody's bright blue eyes look up
Through tangled curls of gold,
And two red lips unclose to say—
'To day I am free years old!'"

Many will like "One of Those," and "Compassion," and the spirited patriotic "Poem." "The People of Wisconsin," to whom the book is dedicated, have good reason to be proud of the young singer who has risen up in their midst, winning a hearing far and wide.

The frontispiece of the volume is a photograph of the fair authoress herself—a handsome face, full of character, and with a dreamy, poetical look in the eyes. We commend her selection of tuneful "Shells" to the patronage of our readers.

☞ During a recent trial in South-Wales, to test the validity of a will, it was proved that in 1867 the testator became impaired in intellect to such an extent that he went to the post-office with a postage stamp on his forehead and requested to be sent, by mail, to a place he mentioned.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

☞ A young lady talking about wigs, said she would rather dye than wear one.

☞ Stanley has placed his little Ujiji follower in an English school.

☞ An old lady from the country, with six unmarried daughters, went into Augusta, Ga., the other day, hunting for the Patrons of Husbandry. She meant business.

☞ Kate Grant, an old Indian squaw, living at Grant, Wisconsin, has killed eight bears this summer. Kate is still unmarried. Many a bear has attempted to hug her, but she never permitted such familiarities.

☞ The Cresco (Iowa) Plain Dealer threatens to print the name of every man in that place who visits a liquor saloon, the numbers of times a day he makes the visits, and at what hours.

☞ In Bavaria every Monday morning a list of all the engagements of marriage that have taken place during the preceding week are published in the papers. The pleasant little affairs have to be ratified by the parents on both sides, and written out in legal form.

☞ "Put down your umbrellas! You'll scare this engine off the track!" screamed the engineer on the Western North Carolina road to a crowd of people who had gathered to see the first train of cars come in. They were all lowered at once.

☞ Two young ladies of La Crosse were standing by the side of a ditch thirteen feet wide which they didn't know how to cross, when their escort said "snakes" and they cleared it at a bound.

☞ A book entitled "Lectures to Married Men" has appeared in England. Have they not had their share already?

☞ This is recorded in the Lawrence American: "A young man in this city, who was paying attention to a girl, gave her some trinkets as tokens of his affection, including a ring, bracelet, earrings, &c. Seeing her the other evening with 'another feller,' he walked up and demanded his love-tokens back, and—being a special police officer—informed her that if she did not comply he would take her to the police station. She surrendered the baubles."

☞ Mrs. Wood, of De Kalb county, Iowa, wrote to the man from whom she had been twice divorced, asking him if he couldn't take care of the children. He replied, "Yes, and of you too," and they are now married for the third time.

☞ The chief aim of the people of the United States at present seems to be to see how much writing can be got on the surface of a postal card. One enterprising young idiot out west has managed to jam in 2,259 words.

☞ An ingenious arrangement of ropes and pulleys has been invented by which a cradle, a churn, a rocking-chair and a fan are all kept in operation at the same time, while the operator is left at liberty to sew or read.

A Good Thing Duly Appreciated.—No beneficial revolution ever goes backward; and this maxim is as invariable in medicine as in politics. The advent of HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS, twenty years ago, produced a revolution in the treatment of a large class of ailments, and that revolution has ever since been in "the full tide of successful experiment." If that tide has borne the proprietors of the celebrated vegetable specific "on to fortune," it has also borne thousands of human beings, who were languishing under the effects of disease, weak and hopeless, out of the depths of despondency into the paradise of health and cheerfulness. It is no exaggeration to say, that to the vigor, the regularity of habit of body, the good appetite and perfect digestion, acquired under the operation of this unequalled tonic and corrective, multitudes of people in every walk of life, who had been vainly physicked in the usual way, owe the blessings of renewed health and the prospect of prolonged life.

VIENNA PREMIUMS AGAIN, AND THE AMERICAN SEWING-MACHINES.

By reference to the "General Regulations of the Vienna Universal Exhibition," published by Archduke Rugnier, President of the Imperial Commission, we find medals were to be awarded in the Mechanical Department, in two classes, one for MERIT, and one for PROGRESS. The medal for *merit* was for the article possessing the greatest merit of its kind and class; and the medal for *progress* for the article or thing which had made the greatest progression toward perfection. (In this country, the award of progress would be called a second premium.) Hence we conclude that, as the Wilson Sewing-Machine was the only sewing-machine that received the Grand Medal of Merit, when the awards were made at the Vienna Exposition, it must have been the best sewing-machine on exhibition; although other sewing-machines that received medals for progress should not be considered very inferior machines. At the great American Centennial Exposition of 1876, they may have so improved as to equal the world-renowned Wilson Shuttle Sewing-Machine.—*New York Tribune Sept. 8th, 1873.*

DR. RADWAY'S

Sarsaparillian Resolvent,

THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER.

FOR THE CURE OF ALL

CHRONIC DISEASES, SCROFULA, ULCERS,

CHRONIC RHEUMATISM, ERYSIPELAS,

KIDNEY, BLADDER, AND LIVER

COMPLAINTS, DYSPEPSIA,

AFFECTIONS OF THE LUNGS AND THROAT;

PURIFIES THE BLOOD,

RESTORING HEALTH AND VIGOR;

CLEAR SKIN AND BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION

SECURED TO ALL.

Sold by Druggists. Price $1 per Bottle.

DR. RADWAY'S

PERFECT PURGATIVE PILLS.

Perfectly tasteless, elegantly coated, for the cure of all disorders of the stomach, liver, bowels, kidneys, bladder, nervous diseases, headache, constipation, costiveness, indigestion, dyspepsia, biliousness, bilious fever, inflammation of the bowels, piles, and all derangements of the internal viscera. Warranted to effect a positive cure.

Price 25 cents per box. Sold by Druggists.

DR. RADWAY & CO., 32 Warren St., New York.

nov2-tf

THE
SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, SEPT. 27, 1873.

TERMS---Always in Advance.

Single copy, $3.00 a year, payable in advance, not including postage, which is twenty cents a year, and payable at the office where the paper is received. Every yearly ($3.00) subscriber will be entitled to a copy of one Premium Chrome, "LITTLE SAMUEL," or to either of our large and beautiful Premium Steel Engravings—"The Sisters," "The Song of Home at Sea," or "Washington at Mount Vernon." (Ten cents must always be remitted to pay the expense of mailing the Chromo or Engraving.)

One copy of THE POST ($3.00) and one of AUTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE ($2.50) will be sent for $4.50. Each publication will send one of its Premium pictures, at the choice of the subscriber, the same as if each was separately subscribed for. (Twenty cents must be remitted in addition if the two Premiums are desired, to pay the cost of mailing them.)

WE WILL SEND YOU ANY NEWSPAPER OR MAGAZINE YOU WISH, IN CONNECTION WITH THE POST, AT A REDUCED PRICE—as follows: Any Paper or Magazine the regular price of which is $1.00 at 87 cts.; regular price $2.00 at $1.75; regular price $2.50 at $2.25; regular price $3.00 at $2.62; regular price $4.00 at $3.50; regular price $5.00 at $4.50.

☞ Subscribers in British North America must remit *twenty cents extra*, as we have to prepay the U. S. postage.

☞ When additions are made to clubs, the new subscriptions must begin and end at the same time as the original club.

☞ Remittances should be made, if possible, in Post-office Orders, or in Drafts or Checks, *payable to the order of the Saturday Post Publishing Company.*

BE CAREFUL IN OPENING THE WRAPPERS OF THE CHROMO OR ENGRAVINGS. Our subscribers are enjoined to be very careful in opening the wrappers of the Chromo or Engravings when they are received lest they should injure them.

Address

SATURDAY EVENING POST,

No. 319 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.

SINGLE COPIES 6 Cents.

JESSIE DALE,

THE CONDUCTOR'S DAUGHTER;

OR,

The Plot Against The Pennsylvania Railroad.

We call attention to this Great Story, which we shall soon commence. It relates to a SECRET SOCIETY, supposed to have malevolent intentions against certain of the more prominent officers of the Pennsylvania Railroad. Every one will want to read it. It will begin in No. 13.

REMITTANCES.—We wish our friends would be careful when sending us Post-Office Orders, Drafts or Checks, to make them payable to *The Saturday Post Publishing Company.*

LETTERS FROM ZIG.

A QUEER BOOK.

It was written twenty-five years ago, but your correspondent has just got around to it. Your correspondent is a little slow.

Thirty years ago or thereabouts, in a hospital in Vienna, there was a cataleptic patient whose nervous sensibilities were exalted in a most extraordinary manner. Her sense of sight was intensified to such a degree that she could not bear the sunlight at all, and in the darkness of midnight she was able to see the objects in her room, the colors of the furniture, and so on. Baron Reichenbach, a gentleman of high scientific attainments, and a daringly speculative mind besides, heard of this patient. It is safe to say that the thought which thereupon came into the head of Baron Reichenbach, was a thought which wouldn't have come into the head of one man in ten thousand. Baron Reichenbach recalled to mind that the Aurora Borealis or Northern Light was supposed to be electric phenomena produced by terrestrial magnetism, and then the thought occurred to the original mind of this man to test the matter by means of this nervous patient. He would have the patient's room placed in a state of perfect darkness, then bring some powerful magnets into it, and then see if the patient could see any lights upon the magnets. The experiment succeeded perfectly. Miss Nowotny saw flame-like lights, vivid and beautiful, and variously colored, flowing out from the poles of the magnets, and glancing along the edges throughout their whole length.

That was a starting point for Baron Reichenbach. From this his experiments extended over several years, and were made on as many as sixty persons or more, "sensitives," the Baron calls them, some of them sick, some in health; but all persons of a very fine and excitable nervous organization, people who have a habit of "walking into their sleep," of jabbering in their dreams, people who are subject to nervous headaches, who can't bear the moon to shine in their faces o' nights, and people who are particularly susceptible in their "nerves." All these people can see things undreamed of in the philosophy of ordinary, healthy mortals with an iron stomach and leather nerves. Don't turn up your nose at the idea, my hard-headed friend. The eye of James Watts saw a steam-engine in the tea-kettle. It had always been there, but nobody else saw it. Until the microscope revealed the wriggling monsters in a drop of water, no man or woman of any common sense but would have sworn that a drop of water was just a drop of water, without an earthly thing else in it. I rather think that last metaphor isn't original, but then it's a good one. So don't say what's what and what isn't till you know, you know.

Baron Reichenbach experimented several years—compared, corrected, and patiently worked out his experiments, testing them at each step by the known laws of science, until he was sure at last that he had discovered a hitherto hidden and unknown force in nature. This force he proved by experiments to be different from electricity, magnetism or heat, though existing in and with all these, and indeed, existing in all nature. To this strange, new agent, he gave the name of Od, or odic force. And his account of this strange, new agent constitutes the queer book I have been reading this summer.

Odic force has a positive and negative polarity, like magnetism, attracting and repelling according as like and unlike poles of objects are brought together. It is a well-known fact that when a powerful magnet is drawn slowly down the arm of persons having a highly nervous temperament, (without touching the arm,) these persons feel a streak of heat or cold following the passage of the magnet. The odic force in the magnet causes the sensation of heat and cold, which is pleasant or disagreeable to the person, as the case may be.

I can't begin to mention half or quarter of the strange ideas which this old-new book put into my head, but what interested me most, I remember, was about odic force as existent in human bodies. The baron discovered chemical action to be a powerful source of Od, or odic force, and as chemical action is going on continually, night and day, in the human body, the human body is full of this odic force, which is neither magnetism nor electricity. So the baron led his sensitives into a perfectly dark room, and waited in profound silence and gloom to see whether they could discover any lights or flames over the human body. And sure enough, after waiting to accustom their eyes to hunting out the delicate light, they could perceive flame-like appearances issuing from different parts of the body, particularly the brain, fingers and eyes. It must look very queer to see folks' finger-ends all ablaze in the dark. But the darkness must be perfect. It is the odic light, the baron says, which makes cats' eyes and dogs' eyes shine in the dark. And that reminds me that I myself have once or twice seen the eyes of human beings shine in a dim light, just like cats' eyes.

It occurred again to the far-thinking mind of the baron to look out for odic lights in places where chemical decomposition was going on largely. So he took some of his sensitives to visit graveyards at night, and for sure here again the sensitives were able to detect luminous appearances and the flame-like lights over all the recent graves. So you see the good baron cuts away at one stroke, and on scientific principles, all the piled-up nonsensical ghost stories and superstitious graveyard tales since the world began. There are lights over graves, to be sure, odic lights, caused by the decomposition of the mouldering bodies below. It's rather a comfort to know that there is such a thing as a Will-o'-the-Wisp, after all, even if it exists only on scientific principles. I wonder if anybody who will read this in THE POST is enough of a "sensitive" to see the lights over new-made graves? I'd like to see the thing tried, I'm sure. I'd try it myself, in a minute, only I have no hope that I would prove a "sensitive." I've been a newspaper correspondent too long for that, you see.

Once admit the Baron Reichenbach's new force to exist, and think of all the mysteries in earth and sky which it will account for! There is animal magnetism, or mesmerism, for one thing. Odic force exists largely in the human body, and influences "sensitives." It has a positive and negative polarity, agreeable or disagreeable to the "sensitives," as the case may be. Don't we all know that there are people whose very atmosphere is repulsive to us, without our knowing any good reason for it? Their odic force is repellant to us, the baron would say. There are people possessing a powerful odic force who can make passes with their hands over the "sensitives," and produce the same sensation as when they are stroked with the magnet. That's mesmerism, you see. Again, there are various kinds of fruits and food of which you can't abide the taste, and others of which you are very fond.

Some persons have passionate antipathies to certain substances, and can't bear to touch them, while other substances are exceedingly pleasant to the touch. It all comes from the positive or negative odic force of the given article. Baron Reichenbach found that an odic current passed around the earth with the magnetic current, and that nervous patients found it impossible to rest in bed when their bed stood against the odic current, or in any other direction than with the head to the north. His nervous patients always cut up when put in bed wrong. People with diseased nerves therefore should always sleep with the head to the north. Finally, somnambulists do most extraordinary and impossible things in utter darkness, because they see by odic light, invisible to common eyes. All these and many other strange things are accounted for, if we accept Baron Reichenbach's theory. The Baron thinks that there are undoubtedly several persons in every neighborhood, who, in perfect darkness, after accustoming their eyes to this darkness awhile, could discern odic lights on human bodies, on crystals, magnets and metals. I should like to see that tried, too.

Thus far Baron Reichenbach. It was all very strange and intensely interesting to me, at the same time it looked very reasonable and probable, the way the Baron put it. He wrote his book twenty-five years ago. Many of the stubborn old German savans scoffed at his discoveries at the time, and the subject seemed to die away at length. But this summer something has happened out West here which seems to strangely confirm the truth of the Baron's conclusions.

A young man has been performing some very curious experiments before a gang of unbelieving Chicago editors, and of all people on earth I don't know of anybody who would be quite as hard to convince of any mysterious new mental phenomena as a lot of editors. I don't know whether that's a compliment to 'em or not. But these tough old editors all came out honestly in their papers and told the truth about what they witnessed. The young man's particular powers lay in mind reading, and in finding hidden objects. If you would go off in any part of a building and hide an object as carefully as might be, and would come back to the young man Brown, he, being blindfolded, would lead you directly to where you had hidden the object, no matter where it was. He did this without mistake in every case, it only being necessary for the one experimenting to place his hand upon Mr. Brown's forehead. Mr. Brown can read accurately the thoughts of any person who will place his hand upon his (Brown's) forehead. He cannot account for his strange powers himself. He only says that rays of light appear to stream out from his brain to the brain of the experimenter, when the other's hand is placed against his forehead, and that when he goes to find an object, a steady line of light streams out to or from the object and leads him straight to it. Remember now that these experiments are vouched for by a lot of editors.

Are not the "lines of light" which the young man perceives Baron Reichenbach's odic lights, and may not this odic force be the power which joins mind and matter? It may be so, truly. ZIG.

"BEAUTY SLEEP."—Sleep obtained two hours before midnight, when the negative forces are in operation, is the rest which most recuperates the system, giving brightness to the eye and a glow to the cheek. The difference between the appearance of a person who habitually retires at ten o'clock and that of one who sits up until twelve is quite remarkable. The tone of the system so evident in the complexion, the clearness and sparkle of the eye, and the softness of the lines of the features are, in a person of health, kept at "concert pitch" by taking regular rest two hours before twelve o'clock, and thereby obtaining the "beauty sleep" of the night. There is a heaviness of the eye, a sallowness of skin, and absence of that glow in the face which renders it fresh in expression and round in appearance, that readily distinguishes the person who keeps late hours.

FOUR PICTURES.

BY MERLIN.

I.

Afar where the breezes glide coolly down
In the lee of the dark Alleghanies' frown,
Where the cries of birds and the songs of bees
Come all day long through the boughs of trees:
All free to the toss of the golden air
A maiden threw loose her wealth of hair,
And hummed as she threaded the forest way
A mountain ditty of harvest day.
And the light of a joy to come was seen
In her wistful glance and her gentle mien.
And Spring was the king of life.

II.

A cottage stood out on the windworn hill,
And the night was down, and the air was chill;
But a kindly light from its window streamed,
And a warmth and a glow on its hearth-stone beamed.
The table was covered, the grace was said.
And small mouths a-hunger came calling for bread,
Where a mother stood up in the midst of all,
With a ready hand for each eager call.
O, mother's love! O, mother's care!
Aught fuller in all the world is there?
Glad Summer was king of life.

III.

The winds whistled sad at the close of the year,
And the dark Alleghanies loomed sombre and drear;
The withered leaves rustled without in the garth,
And the fire burned dimly within on the hearth;
But the shadows sprang higher, and darkled and played
O'er the couch where a form in its shroud was laid:
And a cry went up full of wail and woe,
From a heart that was moaning and long and low;
And only the wind, and the night and the dead,
Heard aught of the passionate prayer it sped.
Dark Autumn was king of life.

IV.

The mountains were locked in a death of sleep,
And the moon rose up where the snows lay deep:
Over sparkling hill, over frozen pond,
And on o'er the chapel grounds beyond,
Where its whitest and purest wreaths were laid
On the rough-turned sods of a grave new-made.
Then a wind came down from the mountains' height,
And whispered along through the winter night,
And, "kindest of all the year," it said,
"Is winter that buries the dead year's dead."
And Winter was king of all.

HOME AND SOCIETY.

THE HABIT OF FAULT-FINDING.

Fault-finders are of three temperaments—the peevish, the plaintive and the unsympathizing.

The first class are inveterate fretters; nothing is ever just to their minds. In summer they find fault because it is too hot and dusty; and in winter because it is too cold and muddy or snowy. They fret when it rains, and when it is dry; when they are ill, or when anybody else is ill. In every one they see some fault; some persons are so awkward that they cannot endure to meet them; and others so disagreeable, that it is a penance to be in their society. They never can read a book that pleases them, listen to a sermon that suits them, or attend a concert or a lecture that is to their taste. "It is a fruitless undertaking," said Dean Swift, "to write for persons of a nice and foppish gusto whom it is impossible to please." And it is certainly useless to undertake to please or satisfy those of a peevish, discontented temperament, whose meat and drink are found in fault-finding. A room may be furnished in perfect taste, but they will surely find a flaw somewhere, if it is only that a picture is hung a pin's width awry. The gift of seeing beauty in all things is not theirs, either by birth or education, and they will annoy every one with whom they come in contact by their continual dispraise of everything and everybody.

The plaintive fault-finders are almost as great a nuisance as the peevish, for they moan and groan over their woes and surroundings until one sighs for

"A lodge in some vast wilderness,
Some boundless contiguity of shade."

Anywhere, so we fly from an atmosphere impregnated with such sighs and "Oh, dears!"

Its uniformity is also very dull and depressing, and we do not wonder that men, who are possessed of wives of such a temperament, are forced to seek more congenial society at the club or the saloons. If wives would only learn to greet their husbands when they return home from their business pursuits with pleasant smiles, and converse upon the topics of the day, etc., rather than upon the demerits of Bridget or Dinah, or the bad behavior of their children, they would soon perceive a difference in their husband's demeanor.

And if husbands would but learn to govern their tongues, and not find fault with the table, and the children, and blame their wives for *every* little, trifling thing that occurs in the household, they would be surprised at the pleasure they would bestow upon their families.

It is said that there are more fretting women than men. It may be so, because the little trifles, the tiny worries and vexations of their hourly life do harass their sensitive nerves far more than the business enterprises of men; but we have known some men who allowed themselves to find fault so continually, when they were in the home circle, that their absence was always a season of relief to both wife and children.

The unsympathizing find a great deal of material lying around loose upon which to whet the edge of their fault-finding temperaments.

They are usually of a strong, robust—I might almost say beastly nature—and they cannot understand why one need be ill or ailing; or why one need care for heat or cold; or any of the minor vexations of life.

They are of a pachydermatous habit, and nothing injures their feelings, excepting it is downright abuse, and that they will resent with almost brutish force. Yet they will scold, with the intensity of a virago, if things do not exactly suit their peculiar whims and fancies.

It is a strong characteristic of fault-finders to treat every trifling slip as a constant practice—to treat the unlucky exception as the general rule and say—

"There! you always do so."

Nothing can be more annoying to young persons than this habit of generalizing any little awkwardness or dereliction from duty.

Reproof would have much more influence for good if the act is reprimanded without any reference to antecedents, unless it is the habit which is the distinct grievance.

A grumbler is a woeful adjunct in housekeeping. Little annoyances are converted into great trials by his ministry, and one fears the contagion of the vice, for children catch the habit very quickly; servants follow suit, and the atmosphere of such a home is almost as much to be dreaded as that of small pox.

Even the house-dog will bark in concert, and fly into a tempest of protests at the slightest sound.

The true fault-finder is, however, a decided egotist, for he sees and judges of things as they relate to himself, as is the case with all defective sympathies.

There is nothing perfect in this world; but we increase the imperfections of life by continually pointing them out to ourselves and to others, and—

"Whoe'er thinks a faultless piece to see,
Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er shall be."

DAISY EYEBRIGHT.

Biographical Sketches.

FRANCISCO PIZARRO.

BY MAURICE F. EGAN.

In tracing the history of the Spanish Conquest in America, the mind of the reader is alternately affected with horror, admiration, and amazement—horror caused by the excesses of the conquerors, admiration of their bravery and perseverance, and amazement at the ignorant recklessness that, in pursuit of a present object, could turn a country possessing a high degree of civilization into a state of comparative barbarism. The reader of to-day, however, in judging Pizarro, Cortez, Vasco Nunez and the rest, should remember that the time in which they lived and conquered was very different from our own—so essentially different that I doubt that any man of the present generation can successfully put himself in their place. They were ambitious and avaricious, but they were not without principles and a wrong-headed sense of duty—especially the duty of propagating the Christian religion; and if their Christianity was rather too muscular, it was at least sincere.

The discoverer and conqueror of Peru, Francisco Pizarro, was a self-made man. He was the illegitimate son of a Spanish officer; he began life as a swineherd, and it is said that he served for a time with his father in the Italian wars. His education was neglected. To the day of his death, he could neither read nor write.

The date of Pizarro's birth is uncertain. He was probably born at Truxillo, in the year 1170. Of his four brothers, Fernando, Gonzalo, Juan and Martin, the first-named was the only legitimate heir of the house of Pizarro, but they all possessed some landed property in Spain. Francisco had only his cloak, sword, and a fair stock of courage, prudence and perseverance. With these he set out to seek his fortune in the terra incognita of the New World.

Francisco Pizarro was the ideal of a common soldier. He knew how to obey and to endure. When he was forty years old—about 1510—he was left by Ojeda in command at San Sabastian. Ojeda's confidence in him must have been very great, or such an important charge would not have been confided to him. The people at the settlement were dying of famine, and they waited impatiently for Ojeda's return with supplies, but he did not come. Pizarro and his men determined to set sail from the place; but there were only two brigantines, and these were not large enough for them all. What was to be done? Nothing, but to wait—to wait until the Indians and famine had reduced them to the proper number. Sternly and resignedly they waited, and then those that were left sailed from San Sabastian. One of the brigantines was commanded by Pizarro; the other by Valenzuela. Valenzuela's, struck by some huge fish, went down. Pizarro made for Carthagena. Here he met two vessels coming to San Sabastian with supplies. Enciso was their commander, and on board was Vasco Nuñez, who being in debt, had concealed himself in a barrel on board of one of these vessels, and thus escaped from the island of Hispaniola. Pizarro and his companions then joined Enciso.

Famine and danger dogged the steps of Enciso's expedition. Finally, he was deposed and Vasco Nuñez took command. Up to this time, Francisco Pizarro was looked upon as a hard-working lieutenant, nothing more. The great purpose which afterward moulded his life had not yet taken possession of him. Vasco Nuñez having captured a cacique named Careta, carried him to Darien. Through one of this cacique's relations, the Spaniards became acquainted with Cornogre, the chief of a tribe, whose territory lay forty leagues from Darien. The Spaniards visited Cornogre, and quarrelled about the gold that the latter presented to them. The chief's son, probably with the laudable intention of getting rid of these dangerous visitors, told them of a great sea toward the south, and also of a land in the same direction abounding in immense wealth. He meant the Pacific Ocean and Peru. The young man's words deeply impressed Pizarro and he silently pondered on them.

Vasco Nuñez determined to discover the ocean and the lands of which Cornogre's son had spoken. In September, 1513, he set out to find "the other sea." In twenty-five days Nuñez looked on the boundless Pacific—the first man of the Old World who had ever done so. Pizarro was sent to find the shortest way to the seashore. Alonzo Martin, who accompanied him, discovered it, and returned with the tidings. Vasco Nuñez then descended to the shore, and equipped with sword and shield walked into the ocean, and took possession of it in the name of the kings of Castile. The Spaniards were not disappointed in the new country. Pearls and gold were found in abundance. Overjoyed, the discoverers returned to Darien with the news.

In the limits of this sketch it would be impossible to follow Pizarro in all his various expeditions before he struck out on his own account. In 1517 Vasco Nuñez was beheaded, and the road to Peru left open to Pizarro.

Pizarro, however, retired from military life and took to cattle-farming at Panama, although the thought of Peru and its riches was still in his mind. He was at this time fifty-four years old, but he still waited for his opportunity. Almagro, the son of a laborer and, like Pizarro, a cattle-farmer, Fernando de Luque, a clergyman, and Pizarro formed a triumvirate for the conquest of Peru—an appalling undertaking for three men. Pizarro was to lead the soldiers, Almagro to go and come with supplies, and de Luque, who was wealthy, to take charge of the affairs at home. The three were to divide the profits. In November, 1524, Pizarro set sail with eighty men and four horses. In this expedition Pizarro's perseverance and fortitude were exerted to an almost incredible degree. After many hardships and much trouble in persuading his men to remain with him, he at last reached Peru. The words of Cornogre's son that the precious metals were here more abundant than iron at Biscay, were found to be true. But at least one thousand men would be necessary for the conquest of this country, peopled by powerful tribes, some of which used poisoned arrows in warfare; and so the indomitable Spaniard went back for the thousand men.

Not having obtained half the required number he returned to Peru, and conquering or pacifying the tribes on his way, he began his march in 1532 toward Cassamarca, the dominion of the powerful Inca Atahualipa. Unfortunately for the natives, the use of poisoned arrows was not general in Peru. Had it been, the Peruvians would have been more than a match for the mounted and steel-clad Spaniards. As things were, Pizarro's small force was equal to myriads of the natives, and to facilitate the conquest, a civil war between Atahualipa and Guascar Inca, his brother, had just ended.

Hearing of Pizarro's approach Atahualipa sent messengers with presents to meet him. Neither Pizarro nor the Inca was prepared for open war. Each watched the other suspiciously, waiting for the sign of war or peace. When the invaders reached Cassamarca they found the town deserted. Atahualipa and his army had encamped at a distance of about one league. Fernando de Soto was sent as an envoy into Atahualipa's camp, and Pizarro remained in the town awaiting the Inca's coming.

The Inca came, numerously attended. There followed a parley. The rival chiefs had not yet declared for war; but the Inca was haughty and the Spaniards jealously watchful. The latter perhaps misinterpreted the actions of the Indians, and imagined that they were about to be attacked. They anticipated the attack. Accompanied by four men, Pizarro captured Atahualipa. Those immediately around the Inca's person were faithful to him, and were slaughtered while defending his litter. The rest of the Indians fled, pursued by the Spaniards.

Although the Inca paid his promised ransom—a room full of gold—he was condemned to be burned. Having consented to become a Christian, he was baptized, and his sentence mitigated to strangulation. This breach of faith in executing the Inca after the payment of the ransom, has left an indelible stain on Francisco Pizarro's name.

After this Pizarro's career was made up of conquest and quarrels with his coadjutors in power. His brothers had come to America, and were the cause of much discussion. He received the title of Marquis of Atavillos. In June, 1541, he was assassinated by some of his countrymen. At the time of his death, he was seventy years old. His death, as described by Arthur Helps, is one of the saddest and bloodiest in history; but it was a fitting end to such a life.

A SUMMER MEMORY.

Here, where these low lush meadows lie,
We wandered in the summer weather,
When earth, and air, and arching sky
Blazed grandly, goldenly together.

And oft, in that same summer-time,
We sought and roamed these self-same meadows,
When evening brought the curfew chime,
And peopled field and fold with shadows.

I mind me of our last fond tryst:
The night was such a night as this is;
And, standing here, breast-high in mist,
We sealed our parting vows with kisses.

Ah, truest misplaced! ah, last false kiss!
She with another mates to-morrow;
And now my uttermost of bliss
Is made my uttermost of sorrow.

I wrestle sore in bitterest strife,
For night draws round me dull and darkling,
And in my darkened sky of life
No single star of hope is sparkling.

OBSERVATIONS.

BY MAX ADELER.

[Editors will please bear in mind that the following Observations by Max Adeler, in common with the other original contents of THE POST, are copyrighted. We give this notice on account of the constant "appropriation" of Max Adeler's articles, without the requisite credit being given either to the writer or the paper.—*Ed. Sat. Eve. Post.*]

—A friend of ours who was stopping at an interior town a few days ago, went with a companion into a small tavern near to the railroad station. Sitting behind the bar in a rocking-chair was the landlady, reading a book, and crying over it. When a customer would come in she would turn the volume down on the table, wipe her eyes, and dispense the liquid poison, and perhaps abuse some one of the drinkers for not paying his score. Then she would return to the book, and open the fountain of her tears afresh. Presently a gentleman with a vermilion nose and tattered garments came in, and after obtaining a sip of gin attempted to walk out without paying for it. Then that landlady slammed her book down on the counter, climbed over the bar, and engaged in single combat with the party of the glowing nose. She came off the conqueror, but while the conflict raged, our man walked over and took a look at the title of the book. It was Mr. Arthur's affecting story, "Ten Nights in a Bar-room." This is a fact.

—We always welcome the return of the month of September because as there is an r in its name, oysters may be eaten. And we cannot help reflecting sometimes upon the fact that it is a very wise dispensation of nature that the letter r was selected as the particular member of the alphabet which agrees with oysters. If it had been arranged for instance that oysters were only fit to be eaten in the months which have a x or an x in them, it is perfectly manifest that we should never have been able to use the bivalves at all, unless, indeed, the matter could have been arranged by changing the names of the months. The operation of this mysterious law which makes r indispensable to the success of an oyster, is one of the most remarkable things in the whole cosmogony of nature; and not less wonderful is the instinct which enables an oyster which lies quiet during the summer, to come out and swim up to the large cities on the very first day of September, ready to be opened. [We have no copyright on that word cosmogony. It was introduced here because we want to be impressive, and to give an air of grandeur to the subject. Persons who consider the word a success in this direction are at liberty to use it, without payment.]

—When breech-loading rifles were first introduced among the Kickapoo Indians, the principle upon which the weapons are constructed was not exactly understood. Jumping Bear got hold of one, the barrel of which opened at the rear with a spring and was attached to the stock with a hinge. The chief got it open and put the cartridge in, and then he was deeply perplexed to know how to get the barrel back in its place again. After making sundry futile efforts, he abandoned the attempt and carried the gun around with the stock hanging loose. He thought he would use it as a club, at any rate, even if it wouldn't shoot. One day, soon afterward, he became engaged in a discussion with an Arrapahoe Indian—probably upon the subject of Cæsarism, or hired girls, or the price of mutton, or something of the sort, and he attempted to convince the other gentleman of the unsoundness of his views by whanging him over the head with the demoralized gun. As the butt struck the noble savage it shut on the end of the barrel with a slam, exploded the cartridge, and in less than a minute that exasperated leader of the Kickapoo section of the North American Indian race was browsing around in the happy hunting grounds in a condition of unfeigned astonishment. His bereaved family neglected to load up that sacred relic of their departed head until they had taken a few lessons, but now, when an Arrapahoe Indian presents heretical opinions concerning mutton or such things, they perforate him properly.

—Stotesbury lost his nose in early life during an interview with a patent hay chopper, but he succeeded in procuring a wax nose of such marvellous construction, that only keen scrutiny could detect the fraud. One night last winter, while Stotesbury was on his way to Miss Johnson's, a tremendous fire broke out, and Stotesbury stopped to look at it. He became deeply interested and drew quite near to the flame. The heat was so great that Stotesbury's nose gradually softened, and assumed something of the shape of a raw oyster. He did not notice it, however, but went calmly onward to Miss Johnson's. When he entered, the servant girl at the door gave one startled look at him and began to laugh in a most boisterous manner. Stotesbury, indignant, pushed onward to the parlor; as he entered, Miss Johnson rose to receive him. As she caught a glimpse of his nose she stopped, looked amazed, and then buried her face in her handkerchief in a convulsion of laughter. "What is the meaning of this extraordinary conduct, Miss Johnson?" demanded Stotesbury. "Oh, Mr. Stotesbury," she said, "please excuse me—but wha—wha—wha—what's the matter with your nose?" Stotesbury went to the pier-glass, gazed at that ceraous oyster on his face—jammed his hat suddenly on his head, and fled from the room. As he reached the entry, he found Miss Johnson's little brother just coming in the door, and as that urchin perceived the condition of Stotesbury's face, he gave one wild yell and shrieked, "Oh, Tilly! come here, come here quick, and look at old Stotesbury's nose!" Then Stotesbury emerged all at once from the front door and went home. He is now wearing an india-rubber nose, and he goes past Johnson's without ringing the bell.

—A Georgia bride is described in one of the local papers as "looking a very lily cradled in the golden glimmer of some evening lake—a foam-fleck, snowy, yet sun-flushed, crowning the ripplings of some soft southern sea." She was really nothing but a red-headed girl with corns and a phenomenal fondness for her meals, and attired in a bombazine dress. The reporter was invited to the wedding and it is supposed that he became intoxicated by injudicious indulgence in cake. He was, however, more fortunate in his treatment of the subject than the Reading reporter who was also invited to a wedding. This enterprising journalist came home and while writing a description of the affair, said that "the bride made every one happy with her shining face." But the type-setter got the remark into print in this shape: "The bride made every one huffy with her skinny face." Since that time the relations of the bride have betrayed considerable anxiety to meet with that reporter. They want to see him about something. But he appears to wish to avoid publicity, and so he writes his items now at the bottom of a coffer dam in the middle of the river.

—Of course if Ann Eliza Young ever succeeds in obtaining a divorce from Brigham, she will immediately mail to us the silver-plated butter knife which we sent to her when she married him. We do not care so much for the butter knife itself, but for the principle involved. When we knew Brigham in childhood we promised him that we would send a present to his bride when he concluded to wed. In fulfilment of that pledge we have already been obliged to buy just fifty-four more butter knives than we at first anticipated. If now he marries again, as he probably will when Ann Eliza secedes, another butter knife will be wanted, and we would rather give him an old one than to incur any further expenditure. We do not own a mill from which silver-plated butter knives can be ground out by simply turning a crank; we have no mine from which such knives can be excavated with a shovel and a crowbar. Mr. Young may entertain such an idea, but it is erroneous. We pay cash for them; and not only is the process exhaustive, but we have been such a frequent purchaser, that now as soon as we enter a jewelry store, the clerk instantly begins to wrap up a silver-plated butter knife without waiting to ask what we want; and as he hands it to us, inquires when it is going to come off; and whether it is Brigham's sixty-first or sixty-second consolidation? It is time to turn over a new leaf. A little more provocation and we will send an infernal machine to the old gentleman.

—A correspondent who professes to know the American Consul at Shanghae, says the story published by us last week to the effect that the merchants of that city have presented the consul with an umbrella, is an absurdity. He knows it is not true. This makes no difference to us. If the Post says the consul had an umbrella given to him, it is so. The consul may not be aware of the fact; he may take the most violent kind of oaths that no such ceremony occurred, but he is only to be pitied. When the Post asserts, for instance, that a particular man—say George Francis Train—is dead, that man to all intents and purposes is a corpse, no matter what he thinks of it. He may still eat and sleep and move about, but he is nothing but mere inanimate remains. He is mistaken, and if he had that confidence in the papers which every American citizen ought to have, he would candidly admit that he is simply a cadaver, which ought to be promptly buried. This seems to be necessary, if the public press is to command respect. If every person whom we pronounce defunct is to be permitted to walk around at large, insisting most absurdly that he is alive in spite of the papers, journalism can no longer command popular respect. When we have our way there will be a State undertaker, whose business it will be instantly to hustle into the silent tomb every man whom the newspapers decide to be dead.

—A New Jersey clergyman, we are informed, has denounced base-ball as wicked, and has warned his congregation not to engage in it. We have long been convinced of the sinfulness of that atrocious game, and we rejoice that some one has been found with sufficient courage to proclaim the fact. But the good work must not stop here. There are other pastimes of even more fiendish—more diabolical infamy. What is the use of having Sunday-schools, if the little children who learn religious truth therein are to be permitted to go home and engage in that pernicious and soul-destroying game, entitled "Tread, tread the Green Grass?" Is there any hope for the morals of the people of this great nation, when even babes who can hardly waddle are allowed to revel in the unhallowed pleasures of "Pussy wants a corner?" Can we hope ever to make decent citizens and models of unaffected piety out of boys whose natures are defiled by frequent and scandalous indulgence in the atrocious licentiousness of "mumbley peg?" We think not. Unless a warning voice is raised in the pulpit and the press against the dangerous tendencies of these games and the scandalous impropriety of Copenhagen, we shall move swiftly forward to national demoralization and social ruin. Base-ball, forsooth! Why, one game of jackstraws has a greater tendency to paganism and crime than all the base-ball that has ever been played.

FLOWER-TAUGHT.

BY MIRIAM EARL.

My modest dandelion beside the garden wall,
You live your little golden day and scarce are seen at all;
Methinks it must be tiresome to bud and bloom and die,
And never look beyond your own small patch of native sky.

Thus plying the patient flower, I turned my steps aside,
To know that my fate should be with hers so nearly allied;
Yet not like her with cheerful face turned to the glowing sun,
But gloomy brown because my days in such small circles run.

Still in a discontented mood and filled with murmuring,
In later day I chanced to come across the lowly thing;
My quickened vision read at once the lesson sweet and new,
Transformed before me rose the flower and glorified in hue.

White-clad and lifted higher, almost too fair for sight,
A waiting some wind angel with which to take her flight;
Interpret, heart demanded—and conscience made reply,
Bloom where thy God hath willed it, and trust His by and by.

CLAUDIA'S TRIUMPH.

BY CLEMENTINE MONTAGU,

AUTHOR OF "THE COST OF CONQUEST," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

THE TRAGEDY AT WESTERPARK.

Here in her hair
The painter plays the spider, and hath woven
A golden mesh to entrap the hearts of men,
Faster than gnats, in cobwebs; but her eyes—
How could he see to do them?—*Shakespeare.*

"Alma, I repeat, I adore you! You must, you shall be mine!"

"Mr. Bertram, your persecution is unmanly! I cannot give you my love; it is pledged to another."

The speakers were walking up and down the lawn before a handsome old country seat in one of the prettiest of the southern counties of England. The girl was a fair, bright young creature, just budding into womanhood—

Standing with reluctant feet
Where the brook and river meet,
Womanhood and childhood greet.

The gentleman was much older, swarthy in complexion, with a piercing black eye and raven hair, through which and his flowing beard threads of silver had already begun to glisten. His eyes had a baleful look in them when they were turned away from the gentle face of the young creature at his side, and there were very few people who really liked Mr. Austin Bertram, for though his brilliant talents won him admiration, his keen wit and stinging tongue made him more feared by those with whom he was intimate; but little was known of his antecedents or family.

He had but recently returned from South America, where, report said, he had amassed a large fortune. Report in this instance lied, for he was in reality a needy adventurer, relying upon his manners and appearance, supported by the most consummate impudence, to help him through the world, and make him, in outward seeming, at least a man of means and fashion. It was with Alma Bouverie's fortune, not herself, that he had fallen in love. He knew that her indulgent father would not stand in the way of his child's happiness if she would but love him, and he was furious that, with all his wiles, he could not win her.

Alma's heart was gone out of her keeping to an old playmate of her childhood—a certain Francis Vavasour, son of an old friend of her father's—a noble-hearted, generous young fellow, whose handsome face and winning ways had made sad havoc in the hearts of all the young ladies for miles round, and who loved her with an earnest devotion upon which years of friendly and constant intercourse had made no impression.

Mr. Bouverie was well content that his motherless girl should find an early haven of rest from the storms of the world in the house of a worthy young man, and Francis Vavasour was received at Westerpark like a son of the house, though no betrothal had as yet passed between the young people.

Alma had yet another admirer—a real live nobleman, whose wealth was reported to be unbounded, and whose love was shown in a thousand different unspoken ways. Lord Nortonshall made no secret of his love, and though Alma had quietly and firmly told him that she could never be his wife, he remained at her father's house, among a host of other guests, basking in her presence, and wearily hoping that something, he knew not what, might make her change her mind, and consent to share his coronet and his fortune. He was a great, strong man, this honorable lord, broad-chested and muscular-limbed; he could fight, ride, and shoot—and had faced death in more than one hard-fought battle, where shot, and shell, and sword-thrust had struck down Britain's bravest sons.

With all these qualities of a brave man his character had its dark side. He was weak and vacillating, easily led, and prone to be influenced by the last person who obtained his confidence, or smitten by the last pretty face that crossed his path. He was inclined to be jealous and suspicious, as such characters are apt to be, and on one or two occasions had shown that he could be cruel and revengeful as well; but he was a lord, and his coronet covered a multitude of sins.

Mr. Bouverie had, as yet, seen only the best side of his character, and he was a frequent and honored guest at Westerpark, where the master of the house was not long in perceiving that it was his pretty, blue-eyed Alma who was the attraction. Nor was Lord Nortonshall slow to speak to either father or daughter, and was very much surprised to find his application meet with a refusal. He lingered on, with an idea that Alma's professed preference for another would yield to the brilliant prospect he set before her, and of him Austin Bertram was intensely jealous. He thought but little of the other rival—"the sailor boy," as he contemptuously called the young lieutenant of H.M.S. Arethusa. He was mistaken in Alma Bouverie; she was a true woman, and no thought of being faithless to Frank ever flashed across her mind when thinking of the glories of Nortonshall, and Dutton House, Carlton-terrace, or listening to the brilliant conversation of the admirer whom she feared rather than liked—the black-eyed Austin Bertram.

She could not drive him away. He persisted in his unwelcome suit till it became, as she said, persecution. On this sunny summer evening he had been more pertinacious than usual, and had pressed his love upon her almost to actual rudeness. Alma was half frightened at the look that he turned upon her face, and she wished heartily that his visit was at an end. The general admiration she excited was no matter of wonder to any one if only for her beauty of face alone. Her hair was glossy and brown, and hung about her head in rippling masses, that looked almost golden in the sunshine, and her features were delicate and regular. Her soft blue eyes were shaded by long, dark lashes, and a faint rosy color tinged her fair cheeks. She was of the *petite* order of women, and like most little people, was very dainty in the matter of dress. On this evening she wore a low dress of some rich blue material, trimmed with black lace, which admirably set off her clear complexion. Some dead-gold ornaments, and a black lace shawl thrown over her head and shoulders, completed her costume, and Austin Bertram, as he looked at her, felt nearer being in love with her for herself, not her fortune, than ever he had fancied he should be with any woman.

"I will have her," he muttered to himself; "by heaven, I will! By fair means or foul, she shall be mine; and, once won, the fortune will come after. That doting old fool of a father will refuse her nothing she wants."

She had turned her head toward the open windows of the room they had quitted while these thoughts were passing through his mind, and was idly toying with some trinket attached to a slight gold chain round her neck.

"She is gloriously beautiful!" he said to himself, and was again addressing some words of compliment or tenderness to her, when suddenly he caught sight of what she held in her hand.

The words died upon his lips, and the gentle expression of his face turned to one of gloom and suspicion, not unmixed with something very like fear.

"Where did you get that?" he asked, more sharply than politely.

"Get what?"

"That ornament."

"This cross?"

"Yes."

"This little thing? Oh, I have had it for years," she replied, wondering a little at his question, and the manner in which he had put it.

"I have never seen it on your neck before, have I?"

"No. I do not wear it habitually. It was given me years ago. I'll tell you the story some day; there's quite a romantic history attached to it. How I came to have it on to-night is easily explained. I brought it out to show to some ladies, and threw the chain round my neck for safety's sake."

"Then you value it?"

"I do."

"The gift of a dear friend, I suppose?"

"On the contrary, of an utter stranger—a person I have never seen save for one brief hour of my life; but somehow I cannot help thinking that this little cross will in some way be strangely mixed up with my future fate, and influence my whole life for good or evil."

"Superstitious, Miss Bouverie."

"A little now and then, I confess. You seem interested in my cross, Mr. Bertram."

"I am. It seems a curious bit of antique workmanship. May I look at it a little more closely?"

She placed the little crucifix in his hand, and he gazed at it attentively.

"The same—the very same!" he murmured. "I swore to be revenged, my charming Alma, if you would not have me. I've a stronger motive now—one as strong as hate and disappointment can make it."

He returned the trinket, and after a few trivial words he left her. There was a look of triumph in his dark eyes as he turned his back upon the house and strode off in the direction of the park.

"Found!" he exclaimed, as the gate clashed behind him; "found after fourteen years' patient waiting! Now I know why that girl's face seems to me like a spirit of the past, or the broken fragments of a feverish dream. Yes, Alma Bouverie, you have helped me to a long-sought revenge!"

Alma went in and joined the company in the drawing-room. Mr. Bouverie liked to fill his house with guests, and to see his daughter happy among her visitors. They both had the pleasant gift of making every one feel at home at Westerpark, and consequently every one enjoyed themselves, and it was a very pleasant group that looked up at her entrance.

"Where is papa, aunty?" she asked a comely, matronly lady of forty, or thereabouts, Mrs. Eversfield by name, who, being left a widow with but limited means, was only too happy to take the direction of her brother's household, and supply a mother's place to his little daughter.

"Gone down to the lodge, my dear. He had some directions to give to Hodgson about those horrid poachers. It makes me wish there was no such thing as game."

"Where can papa be?" she repeated. "We want him for the charades."

"He said he should be back directly," Mrs. Eversfield said. "He must have been detained. Hodgson is terribly long-winded when he gets well into one of his stories. The poachers are his pet grievance."

There was a momentary lull in the conversation, and suddenly there rang sharp and clear through the evening air the report of a gun. It was a still, calm night, and though the noise was a long way off, it could be distinctly heard.

"Poachers again!" said Lord Nortonshall. "Those fellows ought all to be hanged. If I had the making of the laws they should."

"You are a strict game preserver, then, my lord?" said one of the company.

"Mr. Bouverie is rather lax, I suspect."

"Ah, then they take liberties," his lordship replied.

The gossip became general again, though Alma could not help wondering every now and then where her father was that he did not come back, and she caught her thoughts wandering from the brilliant music to which some of her visitors were treating the company, and listening for the sound of his foot upon the stairs.

A footstep came, but not his; and presently the door opened and a servant put his head in with a look upon his face which she never forgot. It was the very extreme of terror, and his eyes wandered round and round the room as though uncertain whom to address, till they rested on Mr. Waters, Mr. Bouverie's solicitor and man of business.

"What is it, Barton?" asked Mrs. Eversfield, puzzled at the man's manner.

"Could I speak to Mr. Waters, ma'am?"

Mr. Waters came forward.

"To me, my man?"

"If you please, sir. No, sir—that is, I don't know—a messenger for you in the library."

The lawyer turned very white. He had an ailing wife whom he dearly loved, and whose hours in this world were numbered, and he followed the man out of the room without a word. When the door closed behind them, Barton turned round with a piteous look.

"I beg your pardon, sir, if I frightened you, sir, but it was for the ladies' sake—Mrs. Eversfield and poor Miss Alma. There's no message nor nothing for you, Mr. Waters."

"Then what is it? Speak out, man."

"It's my master, sir, he's—"

"What! Has he met with any accident? Out with it!"

"He's dead, sir."

"Dead!"

Mr. Waters was completely stunned by the shock, and could hardly credit his own ears.

"Dead," he repeated. "How? When? Where?"

"Shot, sir—not half an hour since."

"Shot! But by whom?"

"We don't know, sir."

"Where was he?"

"Down by the pond, sir. Hodgson brought the news, and the gamekeepers are bringing him home."

It was too true. Henry Bouverie, Esq., of Westerpark, the owner of all that wide domain, had done with this world's cares and joys forever, and was being borne at that moment, by the servants, toward his splendid home, cold and stiff, with a murderer's bullet through his heart.

CHAPTER II.

"I WISH YOU SUCCESS."

You have displaced the mirth, broke the good meeting
With most admired disorder.—*Shakespeare.*

It was a difficult task thus laid upon Mr. Waters to be the bearer of such dreadful information, and for a few moments he could scarcely believe that he was not in some horrid dream, from which he should presently awake by his own fireside. It was the truth, however. Each moment was bringing the corpse of the master of Westerpark nearer to his own now desolate home, and something must be done ere the bearers of that terrible burden arrived.

"What shall I do—oh, what shall I do?" he asked himself; and, as if in answer to his perplexed question, a sharp ring came to the door. "Good Heavens, they are here!" he exclaimed. "Go, Barton, and keep them quiet, for Heaven's sake!"

"I don't think it can be them, sir. I bade them come in the back way, so as not to alarm the ladies."

"Quite right, quite right, Barton, and very thoughtful of you, I am sure," said the lawyer. "But I wonder who it can be? Mr. Vavasour, I declare!" he continued, as a cheerful, ringing voice was heard in the hall, and the speaker hurried lightly toward the staircase.

Mr. Waters hurried out and laid his hand on the young man's arm.

"One moment, Mr. Vavasour," he said. "I wish to say a few words to you before you go up to Miss Bouverie."

"I'm perfectly at your service, Mr. Waters," Francis Vavasour replied, in a pleasant tone; "but don't keep me too long, for my time is short."

"Very little will suffice," said the old gentleman, gravely, and motioning him to enter the dining-room.

Francis obeyed the mute signal with rather a puzzled look, and in a very few words Mr. Waters made him acquainted with what had occurred. The young man's handsome face turned very white as he listened. He had loved Mr. Bouverie as a father, and it was terrible to hear of his sudden and awful death at the moment of entering his house with the anticipation of seeing him alive and well.

"Alma!" he murmured.

"Poor girl!" replied the lawyer; "she knows nothing as yet."

"How is she to be told?"

"Cannot you undertake the task?"

"Not for the world!" exclaimed Francis, with a shudder. "And yet it must be done. Perhaps she will bear it better from me. Yes, Mr. Waters, I will do it."

"It must be done at once. Hark! what was that?"

It was a suppressed cry from the servants' part of the house—a stifled cry, which told all too plainly that the men had arrived from the park with their ghastly burden.

"Stay about here, Barton," Mr. Waters went on, "and see that no one goes up to the drawing-room. Shall we go and see, Mr. Vavasour?"

Francis nodded without speaking, and, arm-in-arm, they went to the servants' hall. They found a mournful group assembled there—nearly all the servants, four men, Hodgson, the gamekeeper, and, laid on one of the long tables in their midst, the corpse of their dead master. There was no awful disfigurement, no blood-stained features, or fractured skull. He lay there calmly and quietly, as though in slumber—and when Francis Vavasour stooped over him, he could scarcely realize the fact that he was gazing on the face of a corpse, so life-like was the peacefully placid expression of the features, which seemed those of a sleeper. Alas! it was too true. Mr. Bouverie had been dead for some time, as could be plainly perceived by the rigidity of the limbs, which were already cold and stiff.

Mr. Waters turned to Hodgson for an explanation.

"It's all a mystery to me, sir," the gamekeeper said. "Me and Jim here, was down at the park gate half an hour ago, chatting about the birds, and so on, when we hears a bang all of a sudden like, and says Jim to me, 'They're beginning already!' But I didn't think as how it could be poachers, you see, 'cos it was so early—only just between nine and ten—and them sort o' fellows seldom come out before about twelve o'clock or so, knowing that there's always some of us on the lookout. However, I knew there must be summat wrong to hear a shot fired at all that time o' night, and we ran down to the beech wood, where the report came from, and there we found my master."

His voice sank into a low sob as he finished his story, and Francis Vavasour's tears fell fast and thick upon the upturned face of the unconscious dead.

"And did you see no one?" asked Mr. Waters.

"No, sir; we couldn't see a trace of anybody being about, though we searched far and wide, so we thought that the best thing we could do was to come up to the house as soon as we could."

"Quite right. I hope that something may yet be discovered. Where was he struck?"

"Here, sir," replied one of the men; and as he spoke he turned back the coat, and showed the white waistcoat, covered with blood. "Whoever it was as done it must have been very close upon him, and had him well between him and the light."

"And can you form no possible idea—no guess at any person who can possibly have committed this foul deed?"

"I've thought on it till my brain's a'most moythered with thinking, sir, and the more I've tried the more I get puzzled. Everybody about here loved the master so much, and I can't think of any motive for such a thing. Why, the poachers themselves—and they're a rough lot—never had a bad word for Mr. Bouverie, for he wasn't harsh with 'em, the same as most landlords is."

"The first thing to be done now is to break the sad news to Mrs. Eversfield and Alma—Miss Bouverie," said Francis. "Great Heaven! how can I do it?"

Even as he spoke there was a movement in the room, and a silence as of death. Francis Vavasour turned, and saw Alma standing in the open doorway, with wild, distended eyes and blanched cheeks. Poor girl! she had heard the sound of her lover's voice, and wondering at his prolonged absence from the drawing-room, had come to seek him. In vain had Barton tried to stop her when she attempted to pass him in the hall. She had only felt alarm at his half-intelligible warning, and brushed past him. The other servants were too much occupied with the terrible sight before them to notice her entrance before it was too late, and the whole horror of what had happened burst upon her at once.

Francis sprang toward her, and clasping her in his arms, tried to keep her from the horrible sight, and lead her away from the room; but she would not be kept back.

"What is it?" she exclaimed. "I will come in! I know something dreadful has happened. Oh, papa, papa!"

She had caught a glimpse of the dread thing which lay there so cold and still, and with a heart-rending cry she darted forward. There was no mistaking the white, set look upon the face. Her father was dead, and she—she was an orphan. She would have fallen senseless to the ground but for Francis Vavasour's outstretched arms.

"Take her away, some of you," said Mr. Waters. "Lay her down and let her alone—she will wake to her misery soon enough, poor lamb!"

And they bore away the light form of the orphaned girl, while the lawyer and Francis Vavasour betook themselves upstairs to the drawing-room, where they could still hear the sounds of mirth and laughter going on unchecked, for the dismal tidings had not penetrated so far as yet.

The entrance of the two gentlemen, with their horror-stricken faces, attracted universal attention. It was a horrible tale they had to tell, and poor Mrs. Eversfield was carried to her room in strong hysterics when she heard it. The lady guests, one and all, began to make preparations for beating a hurried retreat from the house of mourning, while the gentlemen took counsel of one another as to the best course to pursue. Some of them were for instituting a search party; but in the absence of any definite clue, they were all at a loss as to where they should commence their quest.

But all this took place in much less time than the telling of it takes, a very few minutes being sufficient to change the destinies of a household. Scarcely one short hour had elapsed since Henry Bouverie had stood there, in his luxuriously-appointed drawing-room, an honored host and respected friend; and now they, his sometime guests, were lamenting his untimely fate, and considering as to the surest means of discovering his murderer—for that he had been murdered none there seemed to doubt. One man alone was absent from this consultation, and Lord Nortonshall was the first to notice it.

"Where's Bertram?" he suddenly asked, looking round the room. "By Jove! he's not here!"

"Aye, where is he?" echoed Frank, somewhat contemptuously.

He did not like his would-be rival—not alone from the fact of his being his rival, but with that instinctive antipathy toward him which a frank, open spirit invariably feels toward a dark, deceitful mind.

"Ring for his man, Waters, will you?" said his lordship. "Why, Vavasour, you look almost as if you thought his absence was suspicious."

"And so I do," was the immediate reply from Frank; and then, with a flushing cheek, the young man added, "that is to say, I think it very extraordinary at such a time."

Those present who marked the words thought of them simply as the ebullition of an angry feeling of the speaker against the man who had thrust himself between him and his betrothed bride. Nor were they in reality more at the time they were uttered; but there came a day when they were remembered by all who were present and heard them.

The entrance of Mr. Bertram's valet—a grim, saturnine fellow—stopped any further remarks upon the subject.

"Where is your master?" inquired two or three voices at once.

"In bed," was the prompt reply.

"In bed!" was the general exclamation; "in bed at this hour?"

Frank Vavasour started at the words, and exclaimed:

"Impossible! Why, I—"

He checked himself suddenly, and continued to eye the man suspiciously as he went on to explain.

"My master is unwell," he said. "He came in from the lawn, where he had been walking with Miss Bouverie—"

Frank started at this, and Lord Nortonshall ejaculated, under his breath—

"Yes, he had, curse him!"

The man took no apparent notice of the interruption, however, but continued in the same cold tone—

"My master came in, as I was saying, and complained of having a very severe chill. I am accustomed to seeing Mr. Bertram have slight attacks of this sort—he is subject to them—and I know what remedies to get for him. My master went to sleep, and will doubtless awake quite refreshed. There was no necessity for alarming any one."

"And your master, Mr. Bertram, you say, is abed and asleep now?" demanded Frank Vavasour, in a meaning tone.

"Yes, sir—at least, I left him so; but I will wake him if you wish to have his advice or help."

"I think it would be better," returned the young man, coldly. "He may be of great use to us."

He could not bring himself to believe that Mr Bertram was actually in his bed, and it appeared to the others that he had conceived some wildly-improbable idea about that gentleman, which only his appearance among them could dispel.

But they were very soon satisfied as to his being in the house, for in an incredibly short space of time he was among them, dressed in his *robe de chambre*, and looking very pale and ill.

"Pray excuse my attire," he said, bowing courteously to the assembled company; "but I have only just heard the terrible news of our poor friend's murder"—he shivered slightly as he spoke the word—"and you can imagine what a shock it has given me. I would not stay to dress, but came down at once, though I am hardly fit to be out of my bed; but I could not rest without coming to see whether I can be of any assistance."

"We are most of us bound for the park," said Lord Nortonshall. "Waters has already sent off for the doctors—not that they can do any good now—and the coroner, and all the necessary people of that sort."

"And we are going to search for the murderer, Mr. Bertram," said Frank Vavasour, looking him full in the face.

Austin Bertram's bold dark eyes quailed beneath the gaze of the frank blue ones of the speaker, and he shivered, as if with cold, as he looked down without answering.

After a pause he spoke, however.

"I will go with you," he said, "if you will allow me to have five minutes to dress."

"Better not," said kind-hearted Mr. Waters. "Why, you shake as though you had the ague."

"It must be something of the sort, I fancy," was the answer, "and it seems to have got hold of me pretty tightly, too."

"Better not go, sir," said the valet. "You'll be laid up if you do."

"Well, well, perhaps you are right," his master replied. "However, I wish you success in your search. Come, Fellows," he continued, addressing his servant, "and help me to dress—I can't go to bed again."

And so it came to pass that Austin Bertram did not join in the search for Henry Bouverie's murderer.

CHAPTER III.

AN ODD GLOVE.

Aye, how the ghostly hand will point
To show the burial clod,
And unknown facts of guilty acts
Are seen in dreams from God!—*Hood.*

No success attended the search in the little coppice at the edge of the park where the fatal shot had been fired; no trace existed there of any presence save that of the man who had been so foully murdered.

And still above the heads of the searchers the stars shone down upon the peaceful scene, where nought but a few broken bushes, and the marks of human feet upon the damp grass, told of any presence of man there upon that night. Had the pale stars voices, how much could they have told of violence committed beneath their ken? how many tales of silent crime revealed? and Frank Vavasour looked up at the clear, cold sky as he and his companions turned away dispirited from the fatal spot as though he would fain have read a revelation of the mystery in the myriad sparkles which gleamed so brightly in the dark blue vault of Heaven.

"It's no use waiting here, like a pack of hounds at fault," said Lord Nortonshall, presently. "Whoever it is that has committed this dastardly deed, he has got clear off, without leaving a scrap of evidence behind to point to him. We must try some other tack."

"But what other can we try?" asked Mr. Waters, whose usually clear mind seemed to be hopelessly bewildered by the awful catastrophe. "I don't see my way at all clearly."

"Nor I," his lordship replied.

"But something must be done," broke in Frank, angrily; though, to say truth, he had no more idea than the rest in what quarter the next inquiries should be made.

"Exactly," Lord Nortonshall coolly said. "But perhaps you'll suggest what that something is to be, Mr. Vavasour?"

Frank felt rather confused at this home-thrust, and his lordship turned round to the men who stood in a group at some little distance from them.

"Who keeps the lodge here?" he asked.

"My wife, your lordship," answered Hodgson, the gamekeeper, touching his hat.

"Your wife! is she up still, do you think?"

"I daresay she is, my lord."

"Oh! very well, then we'll go and have a talk with her."

Hodgson cast a bewildered glance from the speaker to Frank Vavasour.

"Why! what's the matter with you?" continued his lordship in a surprised tone. "Have you discovered anything?"

"No, sir—my—my lord I mean."

"Then what on earth are you shaking and shivering in that manner for? Why, you look as white as a peeled turnip. Here, take a pull at this flask. I hardly know what made me bring it, but I half fancied that we might have work to do."

"Thank your lordship," the man replied, accepting the proffered refreshment. "It's the shock as has given me a sort of upset like, and I hav'n't got over it yet. I shall be better by and by, I daresay."

And returning the flask to its owner, Hodgson led the way to the lodge, followed by all the party. Mrs. Hodgson was up, as they could see by the light streaming through the little latticed casement, and she soon made her appearance in obedience to her husband's summons.

But they could not get much information from the dame. She had been so horrified at the sight of her master's dead body that all the wits she possessed seemed to have left her, and the story she had to tell was anything but coherent.

"Oh, yes," she said, in answer to an inquiry as to whether she had seen anybody lurking about, "she had seen a man in the avenue not long before the shot was fired; she was putting up her shutters at the same time, and she saw him coming toward her."

This fact she stuck to clearly enough that she had seen some one, but the tragedy of the evening had so bemuddled her brain that anything regarding his appearance, or which way he went, it was hopeless attempting to extract from her. She could not tell whether he was short or tall, dark or fair, slim or stout, and, associating him at once with the murder, she seemed inclined to make a regular melodramatic villain of him, if not to go beyond the confines of this world altogether, and invest him with the horns and tail popularly ascribed to the ownership of the prince of the lower regions.

As to where he went, the case was equally hopeless; he might have walked away like an ordinary mortal, or vanished in a flame of fire, for aught that Mrs. Hodgson could have testified to the contrary, so they were fain to acknowledge that there was nothing to be elicited from her, and the party returned to the house disappointed and perplexed.

One of the men had already ridden to the nearest post town, and with the dawn of the next day officers would be upon the spot, to say nothing of detectives, who had been telegraphed for to investigate the case, and in the meantime they could only be patient and wait.

Frank walked beside the old gamekeeper on their way back to the house, and was very much puzzled by his demeanor. He kept on groaning and sighing to himself in a most peculiar manner, while ever and anon he cast furtive glances at Frank Vavasour, which caused that young man to stop once and speak to him, for he saw that Hodgson's face was white and ghastly in the dim light, and he thought that he must be ill.

"Are you unwell, Hodgson?" he asked.

"No, sir; no," the old man replied, with a shiver.

"Then whatever ails you? Why, man, you seem to get worse and worse every minute."

"Oh, Mr. Francis! Mr. Francis!" was all the old man's reply, wailed out in a sorrowful tone, as though he were well nigh broken-hearted.

Frank naturally imagined that the events of the night had disturbed him, and spoke accordingly.

"You are a good, faithful fellow, Hodgson," he said, soothingly, "and I know how you loved your master. It is a dreadful grief to all of us, my poor friend."

"Oh, it's not that, it's not that!" Hodgson said, in the same grief-stricken tone. "Don't talk to me, Mr. Francis, till we get in-doors. Oh, that it should come to this! My poor, dear master!"

The young man could make nothing of him, so he merely replied—

"You shall talk to me when we get in, Hodgson;" and they walked the remainder of the distance in silence.

On reaching the house, they soon retired to their respective rooms; not to sleep—that was impossible—but to think and plan what was best to be done.

Mr. Bertram had received them at the door with the anxious question, "Have you discovered anything?" and expressed great concern at their non-success and his own inability to join in the search.

He was dressed by this time, but extremely pale, and his valet remarked incidentally that he had seldom known his master to have had such a bad turn.

Frank caught himself thinking most unpleasantly of this Mr. Bertram as he sat in his dressing-room, in which a fire had been lighted, for the night was very chilly, summer-time though it was.

"Hang the fellow," he said to himself, "I wish he were a thousand miles away from here. I may have stumbled over a 'mare's nest' in what has come into my head, or seen a ghost—but I don't think I have sufficient imagination in my thick head to have done either one or the other."

And Frank Vavasour fell into a train of reflection, which formed itself into visible shapes in the glowing coals which burned before him, and it was not until a light tap at his door had been several times repeated that he heard the summons.

Wondering who his visitor might be, Frank raised his head.

"Come in," he said.

The door opened in obedience to his command, and a man entered. To his astonishment it was old Hodgson, the gamekeeper.

"Why, Hodgson!" he exclaimed, "what's the matter? Has anything fresh occurred?"

The old man made no immediate answer, but, turning to the door, assured himself that no one was listening before he came up to Frank, and broke out into a long, pleading cry that sounded like a long sob in the intensity of its pain.

"Go away, Mr. Francis," he said, "go away from this house before the day dawns, and it is all discovered. There may be more over yonder than what I have found, and what it has broken my poor old heart to find. Oh, Mr. Francis! I've seen you grow up since you were a little toddling baby, scarcely the height of my knee; and if you'd have an old man's love and truth save you, go away, sir! go away at once, before it is too late! I'll never tell. I swear, here upon my banded knees, as sure as there is a God in Heaven that pardons repentant sinners, I'll never breathe a word to mortal ears about what I have found this night! Never—never!"

Frank sat staring at the old man in utter bewilderment, while he poured forth this incoherent torrent of broken sentences. Of what he meant the young man could not form the slightest idea, and he could only conjecture that either the catastrophe of the night had so confused his brain that he did not know what he was saying, or else that some one had been giving Hodgson more brandy than was good for him, in the general excitement which prevailed in the house.

"Get up, Hodgson," he said at length, when the old man stopped, and fairly burst into a flood of passionate tears, "and try to collect yourself, and tell me what you mean, for, hang me, if I can tell what you are driving at."

The gamekeeper arose from his knees and stood before him, his face still twitching with agitation.

"Don't deny it to *me*, Mr. Francis; I won't betray you. Heaven knows what can have put such a black sin into your heart. May God pardon you for it! But I found it, sir—found it right on the very spot."

"Hang it, man, speak out," exclaimed Frank, getting provoked at last. "What are you talking about? What have you found?"

"Your glove."

"My glove!"

"Yes, Mr. Frank, your glove. You may try to look astonished, and say that gloves are pretty much alike; but I know that I'm right. I saw you with them on this morning, and could swear to it. It's the very make and color you always wear."

"I don't know whose glove you may have found," said Mr. Vavasour, with a slight touch of *hauteur* in his voice, "and can only guess at the absurd suspicion your words point to; but I am certain that it is not mine. You have found a 'mare's nest' this time, Hodgson. Why, man, you ought to have known me better."

He rose as he spoke, and from the pocket of the coat he had thrown off for his more comfortable dressing-gown, he drew out a pair of pale-brown gloves, rather curiously stitched with red and black silk, and threw them upon the table.

"There are my gloves," he said. "I had no others with me. They are not marked—mine never are."

"If I've wronged you, I humbly beg your pardon, Mr. Francis," said Hodgson, regarding the pair of gloves with a puzzled look; "but will you please look here, sir?"

He fumbled in his pocket as he spoke, and produced a glove which was the *facsimile* of those that lay before him.

"It certainly is like mine, Hodgson," said Frank; "but there's nothing peculiar in that. I daresay that hundreds of men in England wear the same pattern gloves."

"Ah!" returned Hodgson, "but I never saw anybody at Westerpark wearing them but yourself, Mr. Francis."

"Pshaw!" ejaculated the young man, impatiently. "I tell you I was nearly a mile off the place when the shot was fired, and my *alibi* could very easily be proved if any suspicion were to fall on me through your absurd discovery."

Hodgson began to feel rather foolish; he was convinced from the young man's manner of the groundlessness of his suspicions.

"You will forgive me then, sir?" he said, deprecatingly. "I didn't mean any harm, I'm sure; but I was almost broken-hearted when I thought—"

"Say no more, Hodgson; I forgive you fully and freely. You acted as an honest fellow should. The glove is exactly like mine, and I am not at all surprised at your thoughts; but, although I am not the owner, somebody must be, and this may prove a most important clue."

As he spoke, he turned the glove inside out, and soon discovered a curiously-twisted monogram which was stamped on it.

"Here," he said, addressing the gamekeeper; "look here, Hodgson. You see, though they are the same pattern, they are

not marked; while this one has the letters 'J. G.' stamped on it. Are you satisfied now?"

"Oh, yes, Mr. Francis, I am ashamed that I should ever have allowed such a foolish thought to take possession of me. But who can it belong to? Depend upon it, sir, the owner of that glove, whoever he may be, knows something of my poor master's death."

"I don't know what to think, Hodgson," replied Mr. Vavasour. "I know no one in the house with those initials."

He examined the glove again more carefully, and discovered another proof, if any were wanting, that he had never worn it. It was two sizes smaller than his own, and had never been stretched by the hand being too large.

The initials "J. G." were plain enough, but neither Frank nor the gamekeeper could associate them with any of the inmates or visitors at Westerpark, and Hodgson left the young man's presence very much relieved in his simple mind at finding his favorite, Mr. Francis, was not the guilty creature he had for a short space imagined him.

But no clue was found to the ownership of the odd glove; no fellow could be found to it, no one had been seen to leave the park, and no suspicious characters had been seen about the neighborhood.

The affair seemed to be wrapped in impenetrable mystery as day by day rolled on and nothing was discovered to throw any light upon it.

Mr. Bouverie was committed to the grave with all the pomp befitting his station. Trains of carriages followed the dead clay of the once master of Westerpark to its last resting-place, and many a tear testified to the respect of those poorer and humbler neighbors who lived near him.

The property was found to be in excellent order, and Alma Bouverie was a rich heiress now. She removed to London with her aunt soon after the funeral, too depressed and broken by her loss to care aught for the brilliant establishment which there awaited her.

Mrs. Evernfield proposed to act as her *chaperone*, and introduce her to the gay world as soon as her term of mourning should have expired, and Frank followed them to town, for his time at home was short, and he desired to see all of his darling that he could before he left her for a long cruise.

His darling! Yes, that was the name he gave to Alma Bouverie in his heart. The boy of former days, the little sweetheart, had grown into a handsome, manly fellow, worthy of any girl's love, of any man's respect. He had a frank, open face, with merry brown eyes and well-cut features, and many of the softer sex sighed after him in secret, and envied Alma the attentions of her paragon; but he never knew, or if he did, only smiled at their infatuation, for his heart was wholly hers.

He resolved to keep the odd glove, come what would, for he had a feeling that it would some day prove a clue to discovery, and he laid it carefully by amongst his treasures, intending to give it to his lawyers when he went away to sea.

(To be continued in our next.)

THE WHITE LADY;

OR,

The Brierton Mystery.

CHAPTER XVI.

A SORROWFUL PARTING.

Wild Will went to a lawyer in the village, to see if he would lend them money on the legacy; but Mons. Desloges was much too keen for this.

He was strictly polite, of course, but he felt himself compelled to remind the gentleman that he had no possible guarantee of the truth of his story, and must, therefore, decline to entertain his proposition.

Still Wild Will was only discouraged for the moment. He went back to Dolly with something very like a smile on his lips.

"Well?" she cried, running eagerly to meet him as he entered; "what have you done?"

"Wasted my time, that is all. Those French lawyers are so confoundedly cunning and cautious. Mons. Desloges hinted, very civilly, of course, that, for aught he knew, I might be a mere adventurer."

"I don't see how he was to know any better, Will."

"I suppose not; but it is confoundedly inconvenient. I'll just smoke a cigar to help out my reflections; it only cost me a sou. I never thought I should fall so low as to smoke bad cigars—I didn't, indeed; but I'll treat myself to a box of the choicest Havanas money can buy, just to take the taste out of my mouth, when I get rich. But, meanwhile, what are we to do?"

Dolly bent her head into her hands, and pondered.

She looked very pale and thin, and her face had a worn, anxious look, unusual in one so young; but love sweetens sacrifice, and Dolly did not complain.

The miserable room was tidy and clean, now, thanks to her care, and she had a bouquet of wild flowers on the table just to remind her of home.

Wild Will, making grimaces of disgust over his cheap cigar, glanced from these to her, and his heart melted within him. He came and knelt beside her, and clasped her tenderly in his arms.

"I tell you what," he cried; "I can't bear this any longer; I can't, indeed. If you were to die, I shouldn't have another day's happiness in this world."

"But I don't mean to die; at least, until I am ever so old," replied Dolly, smiling, but starting, too. "What made you think of such a thing?"

"You look so pale, dear."

"I don't sleep very well, and that makes me feel tired all day. But there's not much the matter.

"I believe you would say that when you were dying, if you thought it would cheer me!" he exclaimed, with involuntary admiration.

"Of course, I should."

He was silent for awhile, still clasping her to him with a tenderness he was glad to remember in after days. At last he lifted his head, and spoke, as if from inspiration.

"You sha'n't suffer for me any longer, Dolly. I'll tell you what I'll do."

"What?"

"I'll go over to England this very night, in defiance of all the duns in Christendom; and I'll either bring back money, or I'll throw myself honestly on your father's mercy. I'm a reckless fellow enough; but I'm not made of real bad stuff, Dolly."

"That's just why I can't spare you, dear."

"But if I don't make a dash for it, we shall starve."

She seemed to reflect painfully.

"You have no money to take you to England, Will."

"I must beg, borrow, or steal some, that's all. Don't you worry yourself about that, Dolly; I daresay I shall manage it. I can go the cheapest way to work; and it's safer—I shouldn't excite attention, just now. I calculate it will take me a day to get there; another to transact my business, if all goes well; and, on the evening of the third, I shall return to my dear, patient little wife. Do you approve of the programme?"

"Yes," she said, but with a heavy sigh; "only you must be quick. Will, if anything were to happen in a foreign country, and you away, I am sure I should die."

"But you told me, just now, you didn't mean to die, foolish child."

"Not if I can help it. I want to live for the sake of the child that is promised me."

"And not for my sake, Dolly?"

She atoned for her momentary disloyalty by many a tender kiss.

"I only meant that you could do without me, Will."

"Then you're wrong, Dolly, for I couldn't at all. I should be just lost without my little girl to take care of me."

"Then mind you come back soon."

"Let me see. I'll start late to-night, Dolly, so as to catch the early boat across; and then you'll fall asleep, and forget that I am gone."

"It is you who are wrong now, Will," she returned.

"Anyhow, it will be better than your having the long day before you, dear, won't it? Because, if you only doze off now and then, it will be forgetting, and that will save time for me, and get me back sooner. At that rate, I can be home by Thursday night."

She clasped her hands thankfully. Wild Will might be a broken reed, but he was all she had to trust to and lean upon; and poor Dolly had no strength of her own left.

Her husband went off for his game, then, and came back radiant, an hour later, with four Napoleons in his hand, one of which he made Dolly take, as a provision during his absence, although she strongly remonstrated.

"For I eat so little now," she said; "and it is only for three days."

But Wild Will held firm—to his honor.

"In case of a little longer delay—" he began; but Dolly would not let him finish.

"You know you mustn't be longer," she interposed.

"It wouldn't be my fault if I were."

"The result would be the same, whose ever fault it was. You will be sorry all your life if you disappoint me."

"I suppose you mean, in that case, to run away with my friend, the sub-lieutenant?" said her husband, trying to make a joke of her fears.

"Don't!" said Dolly, pressing her hand nervously on his arm; "I can't laugh now."

"But you'll laugh when I come home, Dolly."

"If I'm alive, I'll find you a smile of welcome, Will; if I am dead—"

"Hush!" he cried, with real pain; "what folly is this, child?"

"It is only that I fancy, sometimes, I shall be punished for my conduct to papa, by not being allowed to see my child."

"Come, Dolly, if you talk in this way, I won't go at all. I thought you had such a brave heart."

"Yes; only I am not strong, Will, and so it seems hard to part with you, that is all."

"Shall I stay, then?"

Dolly's destiny hung on her answer; but her good angel had forsaken her, it would seem, for after some very slight hesitation, she answered, firmly, "You had better go. Three days will soon pass, after all, and I shall have some hope to cheer me whilst you are away."

"You are quite sure you can bear the parting?" said Wild Will, with unusual earnestness.

"Quite. Isn't it time you started, dear!"

She handed him the little bag she had packed, with a smile.

"That is right," he cried. "I shall want to picture you bright and charming, like the Dolly of days gone by."

This allusion brought a ready tear to Dolly's eye, but she took care he should not see it.

"Just come down to the end of the lane with me," he said, seemingly loth to part with her, although, as she kept insisting, for her own comfort, it would be only for three days. "I'll wait there until you get home again."

"Oh, but I am not such a coward as that!" answered Dolly; and just throwing a shawl over her shoulders, she followed him out.

They walked down the road in silence, Dolly clinging closely to his arm; and the moonbeams shining upon her golden head and pale face, made her look so fair and ethereal, Wild Will had an idea she would "vanish into thin air" as soon as he loosened his hold.

He lingered as long as he dared, and then, catching her to his heart, strained her close, kissing her eyes and lips, with fervent devotion.

"God bless you, dear girl! I'll be back soon!"

And he was gone.

He turned once, and Dolly had climbed up the bank to see the last of him, and was waving her handkerchief. He could not discern her features very plainly, but he caught the dark outline of her figure, as it was defined against the moonlit background, and a lump rose in his throat, nearly choking him.

"Poor dear little Dolly!" he sighed, with one of those gleams of good feeling which redeemed some of his faults. "She has suffered a good deal; but I will make it all up to her when I become rich."

Meanwhile, Dolly, now that he was no longer in sight, slipped down the bank, and made for her lodging, longing to relieve her overcharged heart by a good cry.

But, suddenly, as she faced the old chateau momentarily, she saw, standing out against the dark background of one of the ivy-clad towers, apparently resting against the embrasure of a ruined window, the apparition of a woman, dressed in long white garments.

The face was deathly pale, the eyes large and luminous, and, seen even thus dimly, appeared to Dolly full of reproach and pain, as they fixed themselves steadily on her.

With the courage of desperation, the girl fled past this thing, with a cry, and never once looked back until she reached the safe shelter of her own room, where, overcome with excitement and fear, she fainted away.

CHAPTER XVII.

MR. LANGLEY COMES TO A RESOLUTION WHICH HE DOES NOT FAIL TO CARRY INTO EFFECT.

Captain Vane only stopped in town to call upon Mr. Langley, whom he had managed to inspire with so much respect and friendship, that he would have spent any money, and given months of his valuable time, to fix the guilt of Winifred's death on some one else, so that the young officer might be fully exonerated before the world; for there were some who still believed in his guilt, and readily invented motives for the crime, which, luckily for him, had never occurred to the jury.

But Mr. Langley had had far too much experience in such matters ever to doubt Captain Vane's innocence from the moment they had confronted each other in the prison cell, and the young officer had hesitatingly extended his hand.

There was an expression of deep, abiding sorrow in the dark eyes, but neither shame nor remorse; and Mr. Langley accepted the clasp of his unstained hand readily and cordially.

Whilst the trial lasted, they were naturally brought into close communication, which ended in establishing a real friendship between the two men, dissimilar as they were in age, habits, and mode of life.

"Well," said Mr. Langley, when the first greetings were over, "I have been wanting badly to see you, but could not get your address. I have been to Brierton, and seen Mr. de Lacy."

"How is that?"

"I have something to tell you that must needs distress you terribly, and open up the old wound; but you ought to know it, too."

"It is about Winifred?" inquired the other, in a stifled voice.

"Yes."

"Go on, then; I can bear anything better than suspense."

"There is no doubt her body has been found. Some fishermen saw it on the beach, where it had been cast by the tide; and, though it was very difficult to identify her after such a time, Mr. de Lacy, who went immediately to the spot, was so far satisfied that he has had her buried at Brierton, and a simple cross is already placed over her grave."

"When did this happen?" asked Captain Vane, huskily.

"The very day you left, Mr. de Lacy told me. He telegraphed for me at once; and he appeared to be quite satisfied that it was poor Miss de Lacy, and very thankful to be able to pay even this poor tribute of respect to the memory of his unfortunate kinswoman. He regretted your absence at the time greatly, although it no doubt saved you a great deal of unnecessary sorrow and pain."

Captain Vane buried his head in terrible anguish for awhile; but he asked no more questions, and Mr. Langley respected his silence.

It was some time before Captain Vane recovered himself; but when he did, he explained everything connected with his Continental experiences without reservation, the lawyer listening attentively, but making no comment meanwhile.

He did not know how much reason he should have to regret his candor in after days.

"Well, what do you think?" inquired Captain Vane, finding the other did not speak.

"I think Wild Will is the man."

"My friend Chester scorns the assumption."

"Then how does he account for the fellow's sudden flight just after the loss of the fragment of cloth that you had so carefully preserved?"

"He says it was a mere coincidence."

"I hope he admits, however, that it is a coincidence ugly enough to hang twenty men," said the lawyer, with an air that showed great contempt for Major Chester's judgment and discernment. "Wild Will gave the coat from which this fragment was torn to his landlord, hoping, no doubt, it would be sold and lost sight of. I begin to think that his recklessness is a blind, for he has shown a good deal of method throughout this affair."

"And yet I can't account for it, but there is something rather taking about the fellow, too."

"Well, the only time I had the pleasure of seeing him he didn't strike me in that light," answered Mr Langley, dryly. "He told me he was confoundedly hard up—"

"I believe that is his normal condition," interrupted Captain Vane, with a slight, wintry smile.

"Then that fact in itself proves that he is a man of lax principles. To my certain knowledge he has made away with a good fortune since he came of age, and there is a very thin barrier between extravagance and crime. When you are tormented by duns, and in perpetual danger of losing your liberty, you get in that desperate state when everything is possible."

"And yet there are far more spendthrifts in the world than criminals."

"Perhaps because in some cases the tempting opportunity has been wanting. Wild Will went down to Brierton, possibly, to beg of Miss de Lacy, dogged her steps to the wood, and seeing her standing unconscious at the waterside, was seized with a sudden, savage impulse to end all his troubles by just a sudden push from behind. The opportunity was there and so was the motive. What more would you have?"

"I would have direct proof," answered Captain Vane, sadly.

"That you have already in your possession, it seems to me. Your friend forgets that there is a whole chapter of coincidences all tending to one solution, otherwise he could not be skeptical still."

Mr. Langley had persuaded himself that this was the true explanation of the mystery; and his statement of the case was so able and energetic, that Captain Vane could hardly manage to preserve a doubt of Wild Will's guilt.

He began to wish that Major Chester had been present at their interview, feeling that the probabilities of the story, after this lucid exposition of them, would divert his suspicions to the same channel.

"At any rate," said the young officer, rising, "guilty or not guilty, Wild Will has managed to escape."

Mr. Langley said nothing, but there was a kind of exultation in his manner Captain Vane could not understand. He knew perfectly well that he should hear of the other before long.

"And where are you going now?" he asked with a rapid change of expression. "You look as if you had had enough travelling for the present."

"I am on my way to Brierton."

"Surely not?"

"Why?"

"Because I do not see the use of courting memories that must needs be so bitter and sad."

"It is a whim of Chester's," replied Captain Vane, wearily; "and it is all the same to me. These bitter memories are not confined to one spot. They follow me everywhere."

"Still, Brierton is the place where they would naturally be most obtrusive, especially just now."

"I don't know. When I was in a different country, amid different people and scenes, I was apt to give the very shadows *her* face. Even at Brierton it can't be much worse than that."

"Just as you like, of course. I only spoke for your good."

"I know you did. I am not ungrateful for all the interest you have taken in me and my fate, pray believe that. I owe my very life to your kindness and skill."

"Come," cried Mr. Langley, "if you begin to refer to my professional services, I shall think you object to regard me in any other light."

"No, you won't, because you know better."

And Captain Vane held out his hand once more, with that vague, wintry smile which so often takes the place of tears.

With a close clasp on either side, they parted, and Captain Vane went back to his hotel.

The next morning he and Major Chester started for Brierton.

It was a delightful day—warm and bright, with a soft, fragrant wind blowing over the heather on the old moor, and gathering sweets as it went.

Every scent, and sound, and sight seemed painfully familiar to Captain Vane; for it was on just such another that he had travelled the same way to meet his love after their long parting.

He grew more and more depressed as they proceeded, until Major Chester, who had tried, at first, to rouse him, gave up the attempt in despair.

They could not get lodgings, at first, in the village; but Mrs. Merridew, hearing of their strait, and having a keen eye to the main chance (her husband being subject to fits), consented to take them in; and, after an early dinner, cooked by her own able hands, they walked off together to Squire de Lacy's.

The footman said that his master and mistress were both in the garden, and directed them there. Captain Vane being at home, as it were, led the way.

They walked down the centre path, and round the shrubberies, and, seeing no sign of them, were about to return to the house, and solicit the footman's kindly intervention, when they heard a clear, fresh voice one of them, at any rate, recognized with pleasure, saying, "Isn't it odd, papa, about Captain Vane?"

"No, my dear, I can't say it strikes me so," was the quiet reply.

There was a brief silence, and then Madeleine added, "I don't think you ought to sit long, papa. No one comes where we are, and you know how easily you catch cold."

"You take too much care of me, dear child; it is a lovely afternoon. But come, Jack, we have orders to move on."

And father and daughter emerged from a little rustic arbor, and turned toward the shrubberies, without perceiving the two young men.

The old Squire had his jackdaw perched on his hand; and his long white hair, mild profile, and suave tones, must have impressed any one in his favor.

Madeleine walked by his side with a light, free step, and the sun shining through the rich brown of her hair, gave it a bright, ruddy gleam as of red gold.

They could not see her face, but Major Chester knew, by some instinct, that it was fair and comely, with that gentle English prettiness which suits so well with the quiet home-hearth.

They followed quickly, and made themselves known—Captain Vane introducing his friend with due ceremony.

"If you speak of a person, he is sure to appear, they say," observed the old Squire, addressing his former guest, but regarding Major Chester with covert attention, meanwhile. "I hope you have come back to the nest, Captain Vane; your room has been kept ready."

"You are very kind," answered the young officer; "but my friend and I want to be together, so that I felt myself compelled to make other arrangements. Mrs. Merridew has been good enough to take us in; and really I trespassed so long on your hospitality before, I should not feel justified in any case, in returning here."

"Your visit gave us real pleasure," answered the old Squire, with great courtesy. "Our only regret was that it should have been cut short so suddenly. Madeleine and I both missed you sadly."

"It was very kind of you, I am sure."

"Not at all; we couldn't help it, you know. By the by" (carelessly), "you haven't heard any tidings of my unfortunate young relative, William de Lacy, have you?"

"He is abroad—that is all I know."

"I guessed as much;" and Mr. de Lacy shook his head, and sighed. "I had great hopes of him at one time, but now I feel quite to despair. You heard of his companion, I presume?"

"No;" and Captain Vane looked up eagerly.

"He persuaded the youngest daughter of my cousin, Charles de Lacy, a mere child, into marrying him privately; and when he left England, she accompanied him."

This, then, was the lady, "blonde like a wheat-ear," for whom he had found it so difficult to account.

Captain Vane could not conceal his surprise, for he had been jealous of Wild Will's civilities to Madeleine, not because he loved her himself, but because he thought the poor girl deserved a better fate.

With all his heart he pitied the unhappy child who had confided herself to Wild Will's reckless keeping.

"It is very sad," he said, after a short silence; "I suppose Mr. de Lacy can do nothing?"

"No; it is impossible to separate husband and wife; and as she has made her bed, so she must lie upon it."

There was a certain sternness in Mr. de Lacy's voice as he said this—but then he cooled down, and laughed—a laugh which the jackdaw echoed, derisively, as if he were not a moral bird by any means, and liked to make game of good sentiments.

"Be quiet, Jack," said his master, in smiling reproof. "What do you know about such things?"

"Humbug!" said Jack, hesitatingly, as if he were asking the question, and expected to be interrupted.

The old Squire seemed vastly amused.

"Jack's more knave than fool," he said. "I am afraid he doesn't do credit to my bringing up."

"At any rate, he's no hypocrite," said Major Chester.

"Not the least in the world: that is the best of Jack."

Had he started, and shrank ever so little? Major Chester fancied so at first, but his manner was so easy and natural, his laugh so serene, that he immediately dismissed the idea, and joined in the merriment, when Jack, resenting a little tap from his master's forefinger, retired, with great dignity, from the scene.

Keeping by Major Chester's side, the old Squire engaged him in conversation, taking care that his daughter and Captain Vane should have an opportunity of conversing uninterruptedly.

"He wants them to marry," thought Major Chester, who was busy taking notes. "I wonder why? Paul is one of the best fellows in the world, but he is not the kind of match a rich old father might be expected to seek out, especially for his only child. There is something at the bottom of this, unless he has taken a violent liking for Paul, and, somehow, his manner doesn't give me that idea."

He made a little feint of joining the other two just as an experiment, and the eager haste with which Mr de Lacy put out his hand to stay him, confirmed his suspicions.

"They look so happy, Major Chester; we shall only be in the way. I haven't seen my darling smile like that since your friend went away."

Major Chester was courageous and outspoken, and he felt it his duty to say—

"Paul's heart is buried in the grave of Winifred de Lacy. Isn't it a pity to encourage any attachment on your daughter's side?"

"You are not a father," answered the old Squire, with a harsh ring in the silver of his suave voice; "if you were, you would better understand my motives and feeling. Even if the child is not to be happy always, she may as well have a brighter time to look back upon when the dark days come."

"But there need be no dark days, if you take your precautions in time."

"Pardon me; I must know best, Major Chester," he added, abruptly. "Do me the favor to look at that view. In all your travels, have you ever seen anything more beautiful in its way?"

"It is very lovely, certainly; but I admire bolder scenery myself."

"Do you? Perhaps at your age, I did, too; but now, it seems to me that everything that speaks of peace is most to be admired."

"But if we have peace in ourselves, does not that suffice?"

The old Squire appeared to be deeply moved.

"Who shall dare to boast of this whilst the world is so evil?"

"I can't say that other people's sins trouble me much!"

"You haven't my sensitive conscience, I see."

"No, thank goodness! it must be very much in your way, unless you have some mode of deadening it."

Their eyes met, and the old Squire's fell meekly under the other's cool, searching glance.

"I cannot drink of the waters of Lethe, as you younger men do, burying your dead one day, and starting off on a pleasure excursion the next. Where I love, I love eternely, and mourn eternally."

Major Chester wished Jack were here to cry "Humbug!" and he would have backed him up assuredly. He hated sentiment at all times, but in a man it was simply unendurable. He made a gesture of impatience the other no doubt perceived, for he resumed, in a gayer tone, "But you young fellows have no sympathy with our regrets, I know. You look forward, and we look back. Do you purpose remaining any time at Brierton?" he suddenly added, listening with evident eagerness for the answer.

"I don't know."

"Your movements depend upon your friend's, perhaps?"

"I am not sure that they do."

"At any rate, I shall venture to hope that your departure will not take place for some time to come. I can hardly describe the boon, in a dull village like Brierton, of meeting with congenial companions. I am so starved intellectually, as a rule, that if it were not for Madeleine, I should become dull and deaf like you see men who have been in prison for many years. But, thanks to her, I keep up my interest in the world and its doings, and manage to preserve some of the spirit of my youth. But here she comes, beaming with happiness, bless her! Do you think that I am wrong now?"

"Certainly I do."

"You are a very tough antagonist, I see, for you never give in," said the old Squire, with that sudden, almost imperceptible hardening of voice and manner his companion had noticed before. "I should not like to have you for my judge!"

"I should be just, at any rate."

"But terribly severe!"

And Mr. de Lacy looked up at him, still smiling, but with a peculiar withered gray look on his face, as the sun brought out every line and wrinkle, shining full upon him.

"I must hand you over to Madeleine. If she can't soften you, I am inclined to think that no one can."

Major Chester bowed courteously. Here, at any rate, there was no deception, if there might possibly be elsewhere. Candor and innocence sat enthroned on the pure brow, and showed themselves in every glance of the large gray eyes.

She could not help knowing that she was beautiful, but there was no self-consciousness in her manner. If Major Chester had been one of her old pensioners from the village, she could not have made less effort to attract him.

He noticed this, and it piqued him a little in spite of himself. His fine figure, and handsome sunburnt face, generally won him rather more attention from the fair sex.

Mr. de Lacy took Captain Vane aside presently to say, "You have heard everything from Mr. Langley, I presume?"

Captain Vane shuddered convulsively.

"Yes. You are certain?"

"In my own mind; although I should not swear to it in a court of justice."

"Thank you; then we need never speak of the matter again." And Captain Vane, who was deadly pale, controlled himself with great effort. He said no more, and presently made a sign to Major Chester who, seeing that his friend looked disturbed, bade adieu at once to the old Squire and his daughter, and the two friends walked away together. After a long silence, Captain Vane made an effort over himself, and spoke.

"I hope you are satisfied now that Mr. de Lacy is a man whom it is impossible even to suspect?"

"I am afraid it takes a good deal to satisfy me."

"You don't mean to say that you still suspect him?"

"I don't mean to say anything of the kind—in fact, I shall say nothing."

"But, Chester, I really want your opinion."

"Which is very much at your service, if you don't mind waiting for it."

"There is no option in the case, I presume?"

"Well, I don't wish to speak unadvisedly, and have to retract later. In a week I shall know better what I am about. I must say he gets up well."

"What do you mean?"

"Why, those long white locks and meek eyelids are certainly imposing. They took me in completely at starting, I am bound to admit; but I shouldn't wonder if Jack saw clearer than us all."

Captain Vane was nearer a breach with his old friend than he had ever been all his life before. The other's obstinate prejudice quite disgusted him.

"Well," he said, indignantly, "I must say you surprise me, Chester. I had always pictured you as one of those generous spirits who are incapable of injustice or harsh judgment, and I find that I have been grievously mistaken!"

"Wait and see, Paul. Time will prove which of us two is right."

"I fancy I ought to be, for I lived some time in the house with Mr. de Lacy. I saw him hourly, in the privacy of domestic life, where your mask—if you wear one—is apt to drop off at times, from sheer weariness. I witnessed his daughter's deep devotion and perfect faith. I noticed how the meanest servant in his household looked up to him as a saint; while the mere sound of his voice had power to sooth the mastiff in his fiercest moods, and make him kennel his head, as if in shame! I have seen all this, and therefore it is not to be wondered that your skepticism pains and shocks me so much. Not only that; it gives me a feeling that you have got out of the habit of believing in what is noble and good!"

"In fact, I have degenerated terribly?"

"Just so."

"Well, time will either justify or condemn me. I only ask you to wait, Paul."

"And I only ask you to investigate the matter fairly, and without prejudice."

"So help me, Heaven, I will!"

They shook hands then with renewed good feeling, and walked on silently for a while, a silence broken presently by the deep, solemn tones of the passing bell.

"Some one is dead," said Captain Vane, shivering slightly. "I hope it isn't the mother of that poor little girl, Mrs. Merridew's niece, who nursed me so kindly when I was ill."

"Has she no father?"

Captain Vane shook his head.

He did not know of Delia's marriage, of course, but intended to ask Mrs. Merridew about her when he got in, which he was unable to do, as the good lady did not appear.

They passed the evening quietly, reading, and now and then Major Chester dozed. A terrible weight of gloom settled on Captain Vane's spirits as the hours passed on.

He could picture Winifred in the midst of the treacherous waters, clutching at them wildly with her despairing hands. He saw the white lids fall softly—ever so softly—over the dim violet eyes, as she sank to rise no more. And then she was drifting out to sea, drawn by the cruel tides, who thirsted for her pale beauty, only to steal all its sweetness, and then cast her in forlornly on the shore again, a mere wreck, more sad, more pitiful, because she had once been so sweet and fair.

He called her by all the old, tender names in his heart, and swore that no other woman should fill her place; so that, looking down from Heaven she might know he was true.

These thoughts became unendurable at last, and, rising to his feet, he began to pace the room, drearily, up and down, like some perturbed spirit.

The window was open, and the moonbeams flooded in, throwing a silvery radiance over the starry myrtle flowers, who opened their round eyes again in wonder.

Winifred had loved myrtle. Often he had seen it in her dress; and the perfume seemed to breathe her name.

Captain Vane did not need this new reminder. He had already drank his fill of painful memories. He went to shut them out with the pale star-blossoms and the moonlight, when he suddenly remembered that his friend was asleep, and the noise might rouse him.

He, therefore, slowly retreated, unconscious that a pair of evil, passionate eyes were watching him with steady persistence, whilst, panther-like, they measured their spring.

Perhaps, in the course of their survey, they discovered Major Chester, who looked a very formidable antagonist, and so waited for the opportunity that belongs to the patient, as surely as the battle belongs to the strong.

Captain Vane sat down again, and the shadow between his brows strengthened and spread.

"I can't bear this," he said, at last. "I must do something or die. I'll treat myself to a brisk walk whilst Chester is finishing his nap, and see if that will mend my mood."

He took up his hat as he muttered this, and the evil eyes outside were bright suddenly with cruel exultation. Captain Vane lighted a cigar, and stepped out through the open window, and made for the lane, where he purposed to walk up and down until he had fairly tired himself out, and sleep seemed possible.

The owner of the evil eyes marked his movements, and stealthily copied.

Captain Vane's grand stride soon brought him to the end of the lane, where it made a sudden curve, cutting through the edge of the wood, and was about to turn, when, suddenly, a hand clutched his throat, and a blow felled him to the ground, where he lay stunned and bleeding, without motion or sense.

(To be continued in our next. Commenced in No. 34)

☞ Asa Jones, of St. Joseph county, Ind., who was bitten by a rattlesnake a month ago, has his revenge. He has since then killed forty-seven rattlesnakes, and is still at it.

☞ Prince Jumbo, son of the King of Bonny, whose kingdom is somewhere on the West Coast of Africa, is being educated in England.

☞ As an illustration of the widespread use of a certain popular title, it is related that a gentleman recently stepped into a saloon in Denver, and cried out in a loud, cheery tone, "Hello! come, Professor, take a drink." Six men sitting in the saloon at once arose and came forward, while a bootblack, whose stand was just outside the door, and a passing corn-doctor smilingly accepted the invitation, and stepped in.

☞ A young lawyer of Chicago, disappointed in love, demanded poison from a druggist, but was considerately given several delicate little powders of prepared chalk instead. He then went to the residence of the adored one, who was sojourning at Valparaiso, Indiana. He again offered his hand, which she unconditionally refused, whereupon he cried; "At your door is my death!" and swallowed the powders. The family doctor was sent for, but after tasting one of the powders, he calmly awaited the result. The young man lay down and longed for the drowsiness which precedes death. Nothing came. They sent him back to his mother.

☞ Three young men returned from Rangely, Maine, last week, after a sojourn of twenty days in the woods, report that they have eaten by actual count 3300 griddle cakes, have used 35 pounds of flour, 15 of meal, 40 dozen crackers, 10 quarts of molasses, 6 pounds of cheese and three cans of condensed milk, together with fish and game. They say it is not really as hard to camp out as some suppose. They didn't mind it at all!

☞ A negro minister, a widower, who married rather sooner than some of the sisters thought proper and becoming, excused himself as follows: "My dear brethren and sisters, my grief was greater than I could bear. I turned every way for peace and comfort, but none came. I searched the Scriptures from Ginisee to Reverlations, and found plenty of promises to the widder, but narry one to the widderer. And so I took it that the Lord didn't waste sympathy on a man when it was in his power to comfort himself; and having a first-rate chance to marry in the Lord, I did so again. Besides, brethren, I considered that poor Betsy was just as dead as she would ever be."

THE HEIR OF GLENDALE;

OR, THE

Jewel with the Serpent Setting.

BY FRANK CARROLL,

AUTHOR OF "JOHN PARSMORE'S PLOT," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXVII.

MR. BRADY'S VISITOR.

William Brady, carpenter, of Smithville, was busily working and whistling in his shop the next day, making the shavings fly with every movement of his stalwart arms, and fashioning the rough wood into shapes of utility if not of beauty.

He was a large, light-haired and fair-skinned man, with florid cheeks and almost beardless. His face wore an expression of frankness that was partly given by a steady, unflinching gaze.

He was deep in the midst of his Saturday afternoon work when the door opened and a stranger entered the shop, picking his way over piles of boards and heaps of shavings to where the carpenter stood at work.

This person was dressed in a costume half military, half civil. He seemed to have been a soldier of the late war, and to be still wearing a well-preserved portion of his military suit.

What added to his soldierly appearance was a long scar, extending from his temple to the corner of his mouth, and giving that side of his face a rather deformed and livid appearance. He was very much embrowned, as if accustomed to a life in the sun. He wore a long side whisker and a huge mustache that entirely covered his mouth.

Brady looked up inquiringly from his work.

"Good day, sir, what can I do for you?" he asked.

"I want to talk with you about a piece of work. It is a job that needs a skilful hand, and you were highly recommended to the gentleman who sent me."

"I can do a fair piece of carpenter work," he replied. "But I don't brag about anything else. Who wants me?"

"Mr. Joseph Brown, whose place, as I suppose you know, is about eight miles below here."

"I don't know him. Who recommended him to come to me?"

"Mr. Ogden. My employer was looking at the repairs that have just been made at Glendale, and liked the work so much that he asked Mr. Ogden where you could be found." The stranger looked keenly at Brady as he spoke, but the countenance of the latter continued unchanged.

"Yes, I done that work for Mr. Ogden," he said. "I don't brag, but I ain't much afraid to take hold of any job that comes in. What does Mr. Brown want done?"

"Some fancy work about his house. Some carving I believe. They say you are good at carving."

"That's out of my line of business," said Brady, coolly. "Carpentering is my line."

"Anything is your line that you can do, and that will pay well. I know you don't like carving as a general thing, but there's proof enough you can do it." He pointed to several pieces of carved wood work that rested on a shelf on the other side of the shop.

These consisted of heads, of elaborately finished scroll work, and of several other designs.

"I ain't much of a judge, but I should call that work well done," said his visitor. "Why, man, you should have taken up sculpture. That's a fine head."

"It's well enough to talk about taking up. I've got to take up the saw and plane to make a living," said Brady, in a tone that showed his life to have been partly a disappointment. "What does Mr. Brown want in the way of carving?"

"I don't know all. You had better see him and talk the matter over with him. One thing he spoke of, he has got a handsome new skiff, but it is too plain to suit him. He wants some sort of a neat figure-head fit into it."

Brady slightly changed color as he spoke, the blood flushing his naturally florid cheeks.

"I'm afraid I can't do anything like that," he said, slowly. "I'm ready for paying work, but don't want to take hold of anything I can't handle."

"Now, Mr. Brady, don't be running yourself down that way. You can do it well enough if you try. You have harder work done there already. Besides, there's the piece of work of the same kind you did for Mr. Ogden."

"Who says I done any such work for Mr. Ogden?" asked Brady, hastily, his face more deeply flushed.

"Mr. Ogden himself, who should be very good authority in the matter," said the visitor, coolly seating himself on the work-bench, and commencing to vigorously chew a piece of shaving. "He told Mr. Brown that you did him a very pretty piece of work, and that's mostly what put Mr Brown in the notion of having something like it done."

"I suppose I can do it for him if he'll pay enough for it," replied the carpenter.

"There will be no trouble about the pay. Do the work as well as you did it for Ogden, and you will get paid as well."

"I'll be paid a good deal better, or I'll not touch it. He didn't see the work I done for Ogden, and how does he know how well it is done?"

"I don't know. I thought he'd seen it. Ain't Ogden got the boat in his boat-house?"

"No, I don't know what he done with it. He got rid of it somehow. It was only a rough piece of work I done for him, anyhow. It didn't amount to much in my notion."

"I don't agree with you," said the other, vigorously chewing his shaving. "I've seen the boat, and don't think I ever saw a snake's head better carved." His eyes appeared to be on the other side of the shop, but no change of the carpenter's face escaped him.

Brady's face reddened again. He was unfortunate in his thin skin, and tendency to flush up.

"It looks as if you knew a good deal about matters and things," he said, somewhat angrily.

"I knew Henry Ogden, when he was a poor man like ourselves, before he came into Glendale; I have had a sail with him in this very boat we are talking of."

"You have, eh?"

"Yes. Let me see. It was last April I think. The early part of April. I was praising the figure-head, and he told me he had just had it made."

"And how did Mr. Brown know about it?"

"I told him, and he asked Ogden. By the way, have you any model of that piece of work, that you could show Mr. Brown?"

"I made a small model. It is somewhere about the shop, but I don't know where."

"I wish you would hunt it up. As long as Ogden has got rid of his boat I think Mr. Brown would like to see the model. He may want something like it."

"I will try and look it up," said the carpenter. "Tell Mr. Brown to come and see me. I would like to do his work for him, but he will have to pay for it."

"He is ready to do that."

"By the way, Mr Ogden told me not to speak of doing that work. It's strange that he goes and talks about it himself."

"People like to do their own talking," said the stranger, with a laugh. It was evident the carpenter knew nothing of the connection of the boat with the murder.

After a few more words the visitor left him to his work.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

SOL HAS A VISITOR.

Dusky Sol had decidedly broken his promise to his employer. For some reason, known only to himself, he had concluded to remain in the city. It might have been simply a trace of that dangerous persistence with which the moth flies around the candle. Perhaps a desire to keep near the gold mine which he had discovered in Henry Ogden's pocket influenced him.

At any rate he took what he considered safe quarters, and settled down to watch proceedings. Not content with this, the touch of the dare devil, which stirred in the man's blood, and a native rebellion against restraint, led him to The Shades on the occasion we have chronicled.

Here he drank beyond his usual custom, and became tipsy enough to care very little whether he was known or not. Little did he dream, however, that the man from whom especially he wished to conceal himself, had been present on that occasion, had heard his name mentioned, and had found assurance doubly sure in his skilful handling of the fiddle.

He accompanied Bill Brace through the streets, little fancying that this apparent sailor was really the escaped prisoner with whom he had been domiciled so long, and unaware that he had been tracked to his present residence by his most dangerous enemy.

Sol sat alone, in a melancholy mood, in his room in the upper story of a house on Burton street, above Fifth. He was growing uneasy with confinement, and longed for his old life of half-savage freedom, in the streets and alleys of the city, the roads and lanes of the country. He loved to wander wherever caprice or chance took him, making his violin support him, and eking out its occasional scanty aid by some light-fingered operation.

He was one of the gentlemen of nature, despising work, hating all bonds, acknowledging no master, and making the world his oyster, which he took every opportunity to open.

It may be conceived then that concealment chafed him. He was too well aware of the dangers resulting to himself from his theft of the jewel, to expose himself to arrest. He did not venture to repeat his expedition to The Shades, and had remained since scarcely venturing out of his room, and pleading sickness to his landlady.

This was becoming too irksome. He was sorry he had not kept his word to Henry Ogden, and felt inclined to yet leave the city, first calling on his employer, giving some reason for having broken his word, and demanding a liberal gratuity before taking his departure.

Sol took up his violin as the readiest means of assuaging his melancholy mood, and sat slowly drawing the bow across the strings, bringing out low but rich strains of a character in keeping with his present state of mind.

For an hour he sat thus, interpreting his moods in music, and verging from the low, minor strain to the defiant wildness of disposition that at times came upon him.

He was interrupted by a sound of footsteps without and a knock at the door. Before he could drop his violin and rise, the door was pushed partly open and he heard the voice of the landlady saying—

"A gentleman to see you, Mr. Blake."

The door was now opened widely, and this gentleman entered without waiting for an invitation.

He was a man dressed in a half-military costume, and chiefly notable for a great scar that crossed all one side of his face.

His upper lip and mouth were concealed by a heavy, light-colored moustache, whose long ends drooped down to his chin. He wore also long, bushy side-whiskers, still lighter in color, while his hair was several shades darker.

Sol looked at him keenly for a moment wondering to himself who this could be, and what business he could have with him. He did not clearly recollect ever having seen that face before, though some confused shadow of a recognition flitted across his mind. There was a look in it like something he had seen before, though what it was he could not remember.

"Might have seen him in the army," he thought. "He's been there sure. In the ranks, too, or he wouldn't be wearing that blouse."

The visitor, without waiting for an invitation, coolly seated himself, keeping his hat on, drawn down low over his eyes. Evidently he had not deeply studied the rules of politeness. But Sol was not critical in that particular.

"Mr. Blake?" he said, questioningly.

"That's the name I walks under," said Sol. "You've got it pat, gossip. Mebbe you can drop your name and your business back for mine."

"I've only got your name, not your business. It wouldn't be a fair exchange," said the soldier.

"S'pose I say this is my business just now. How would that go down?" said Sol, laying his hand on the violin.

"Not well, for you haven't given me your name."

"The deuce I hain't!" cried Sol. "You took it. That's as good."

"I took Blake. Say Brindle and I'll close with you."

Sol started half to his feet with a fierce oath.

"Keep cool," said the soldier, in a mild tone. "Did you suppose I came here to see a Mr. Blake? What business could I have with a loose name, for that's all this Mr. Blake is? It is you I want to see, Dusky Sol. I know you, you see, but I don't see that any harm is likely to come to you from that."

"You're blamed smart in your own notion," said Sol, surlily. "S'pose I swear you're a liar?"

"I would know *you* were, that would be all," said the quiet-speaking visitor. "I know what I am talking about, and who I'm talking to, Sol Brindle, and if I were you I would not swear to a lie without some chance of being believed."

"You're blasted spry in your tongue," cried Sol, throwing himself heavily back in his chair. "Who in the thunder are you, and what do you want here, anyhow?"

"That's a little more to the point," said the other. He apparently had a cold, which gave his voice a husky sound. "I have a trifle of business with you, Sol Brindle. I would have called to see you some time ago, but I was not quite ready then to discuss this business, so I put off my visit till to-day."

"You want to say, I s'pose, that you've had your eye on me all along," said Sol, looking fiercely at his visitor. "If that's not what your talk means, I'd like to know what ye're drivin' at."

"That is just what it means. You have hit the nail directly on the head," replied the stranger.

"Which is a blasted lie, if ever there were ever one told," cried Sol, defiantly.

"Don't be too sure of that, Sol. I'll prove it before I'm through."

"Mebbe you will, and mebbe you wont," answered Sol. "There's some things ain't quite as easy as other things."

"You've been leading a bad life, my man; a life that there's only one end to. Or two ends rather. The prison is one."

"It is, hey! And mebbe you'll tell me what's the tother?"

"The gallows."

Sol started again to his feet with a terrible oath and made as if he would fling himself on his visitor. His face was, for the moment, convulsed with rage.

The other sat unmoved in his chair, his eye keenly fixed on the enraged man, an expression of sternness on his face that showed he had no fear of his antagonist.

"I say nothing I don't mean," he continued, "and I would advise you to sit down and not be disturbing your blood in this way. If you don't know one thing, I do, and that is that you've got yourself into just the worst scrape you were ever in, and if you don't hoe your row even you'll find my words come true."

"What in the thunder are you driving at?" cried Sol, a trifle pale, in spite of his bravado.

"Do you think the police have been asleep for the last six months? You are mixed up with that murder of Mr. Ogden in a very bad way. The case has been worked up, and it is coming heavy on you."

"It's not, and it can't," replied Sol. "I don't know any more about it than a baby. I never saw the man."

"It is one thing to say that, Sol Brindle. It is another thing to prove it. If you are innocent, somebody else is guilty, and you know who. You had better make a clean breast and save yourself."

"I ain't got nothing to tell," said the tramp, defiantly. "And I'd like to know what the blazes you mean, coming here and disturbing a gentleman in his own house with sich stuff. You'd better git, my man, and that soon, if you want to git out with a whole skin."

"If I do go, it will be to the police station, to lay a charge against one Solomon Brindle for the murder of James Ogden. If you are determined not to tell the truth, and force me to this, it will go hard with you."

"It's a lie," cried Sol. "I never saw the man, and don't know nothing about the murder. And I don't believe you can fetch as much proof a-nin me as a feller mought hold on a knife blade."

"Don't you? We shall see," said the soldier, throwing open his vest, which he had kept buttoned to the throat. Did you ever see that article before?"

As once before, the eyes of the tramp were dazzled by a flash of light from the facets of Robert Merivale's diamond. As once before, the golden snake reared its poisonous head and seemed to glare at him.

Sol turned pale as death as he gazed with entranced eye on the brilliant jewel. He felt that the words of the stranger were true, that a terrible danger hovered over him.

"Now, my man, there's either one of two things," said the visitor, in a louder and sterner voice than he had yet used. "You will tell me how you disposed of this jewel, or—"

"Or what?" said the tramp, surlily, gazing at his visitor with eyes in which a ferocious expression was taking the place of their momentary fear.

"Or this jewel shall hang you."

"There's one of three things, mebbe," said Sol, in a low tone, but full of concentrated fury. "You've come here to skeer me with a bit of stone as I never seen afore. Now, durn your thundering eyes, I can chaw you up alive the best day you ever seen. And if you don't haul in your slack and git, I'll bust your b'iler for you."

"You refuse to confess, then?"

"I don't want nothing to say to such a red-whiskered, chopped-faced, blasted lying hound as you. And if you ain't out of my room in two winks of a mosquito, I'll hurt you, that's all."

"Very well," said the soldier, rising. "Brag's a good game, Sol Brindle, but I know a better. You defy me, then? There's nothing left but to bring you where they have a way of getting at the truth. If you are not a lucky man, you'll swing for this business."

Sol's anger had been growing into ungovernable fury. He now sprang again to his feet, a dangerous look in his eyes.

"You durned hound!" he hissed. "Ye're going to walk out, are ye? You'll come here and insult a gentleman in his own room."

"A gentleman!" interrupted the other, in a tone that seemed intended to exasperate. "A tramp, a vagabond, a burglar, a murderer—those names fit better."

Sol seemed roused beyond his powers of self-control. With a quick movement of his hand he drew from a back pocket a long, dangerous looking knife, and raised it, as if about to plunge it into the body of his antagonist.

Fortunately for the latter the table stood between them, or the paroxysm of fury to which Sol had given way might have proved disastrous to him.

As it was, he stood gazing with unmoved eye straight into the eyes of his opponent, and holding him, despite himself, by that stern glance.

"That's your play, is it, my friend?" said the soldier, coolly. "If you have no better trump than that, you had better kept it to yourself. Leading the ace is a bad move in this game, Dusky Sol."

"What have you got to play to it?" asked the tramp, in a fierce tone, but somewhat uneasily. The imperturbable coolness of his antagonist, and the stern unflinching glance of his eye held him as the eye of a hunter is said to hold a wild beast.

"Here is my trump card," said the soldier, placing his hand behind him. "The right bower. Drop your ace, my friend. You are euchred."

The tramp flinched from the open muzzle of a six-shooter that covered him with a deadly aim.

"Drop that toothpick," cried the visitor, "or as sure as I stand here, I'll put a bullet through you. I don't often make promises of this kind, Sol Brindle, and I generally keep them."

Sol evidently judged, from something in the expression of his opponent, that this particular promise would be kept. Fierce and determined as he was, he was cowed. He dropped the knife with a thud on the table, and with a desperate curse seated himself again in his chair, glancing with the look of a baffled tiger, at his indomitable opponent.

The latter picked up the knife and flung it across the room, saying—

"I don't like to leave such dangerous playthings around. I wish you to understand, for the rest of our conversation, that I keep this persuader within reach, and that I know how to use it."

He replaced the pistol, as he spoke, in the receptacle from which he had drawn it.

"Now, my man, we'll use less dangerous arguments," he continued, reseating himself, leaning forward and placing his arms on the table, so as to directly face Sol. "Are you prepared to give me the information I asked for?"

"I don't know nothing about it," replied the tramp, in a surly tone. "I never seen that stone afore—I never seen this Mr. Ogden, and I never seen you. What the blazes you wants here I'd like to know."

"I want to help you, if you will let me. If you won't, the law may take its course."

"Ye're on the force, I s'pose?" growled Sol.

"It is no matter who I am. The question is about you."

"And I tell you you've got the wrong sow by the ear. Ye're talkin' about something now, you can't prove. If you think to skeer me with your talk, you've got into the wrong shop, that's all."

"That is the track you are taking, is it? Let me see if we can't prove it. Suppose I tell you a few points of your life for the last few months."

"All right. Dig in, gossip. I'm squatted to hear what ye're got to say. Let it out now lively, and see if I squeal. The rooster that crows on my track is got to flap his wings afore daybreak. Can't skeer this chicken with talk."

Sol gave vent to a loud, discordant laugh, in which his visitor could trace the working of a mind not quite so much at ease as he professed.

"We will see how closely you have covered up your trail," said the soldier.

We give him this title as a convenient appellation. Sol had ceased to consider him as a soldier, but was viewing him as a disguised detective—a consideration ill calculated to give assurance to his mind.

"Heave ahead then, gossip. Get your nose to the track and let's see what you smell. I reckon you'll find the scent cold," said Sol, with an air of bravado.

"Let us go back to the beginning of your share in this business. I will let you see what I know about it—and you can judge whether it will be healthy for you to let me stop at that knowledge. One fine afternoon last April, there was a street fiddler who had strayed into the Park. If I ain't mistaken, that looks like the very fiddle he carried"—pointing to the violin that yet lay on the table. "He commenced to play to some children, but was ordered off by the Park guard. He went away grumbling, and stopped to rest near where two persons were seated conversing. During their conversation this very diamond was talked of, and passed from one to the other, in full view of the tramp. Are you following me?"

"Go ahead," said Sol, defiantly, though he could not keep a tinge of pallor from his face.

The speaker, thus far, had but given some information learned by Will Graham, from inquiries instituted at the Park. This was largely eked out with conjecture as to the probable course of events. That he had guessed near the truth the change in the tramp's face indicated.

"The owner told his friend that there was an omen connected with the jewel, and that to lose it would bring bad luck to the loser. Do you remember that?"

"Ye're telling the story now, ain't you? It's not me."

"It was true. It does bring bad luck to the loser. To every one, in fact, who has possessed it and who lets it leave his hands. It brought the worst of luck to Robert Merivale. Let us see if the fiddler can escape the omen."

The pallor of Sol's face deepened as the speaker continued. That superstition, which is always allied with ignorance, was roused in his imagination, and he began to fear that he might have brought on himself disaster by his connection with the unlucky jewel.

"The two friends shortly after left the Park, followed by the fiddler," continued the soldier. He followed them to the home of Robert Merivale, and was seen by the servant girl in the street, close behind them. This girl, Sol, is witness number two."

"It's all a blasted yarn!" cried Sol, angrily.

"Perhaps not. Hear me out. The fiddler lurked about the street, playing the instrument to hide his real object. He collected a crowd of children about him, who followed him to the grogshop at the corner, which he entered."

Sol was still somewhat pale, though his usual composure was returning. The man had too much of the dare-devil in him to be long depressed.

"The keeper of the grogshop knew him, and is ready to swear that he goes by the name of Dusky Sol."

"He'll swear to a thundering lie then, for a dirty-mouthed hound that that Joe Corbin is!"

"You remember him then," said the other, taking instant advantage of the partial admission which Sol, in his anger, had made.

"You've got the floor, gossip. Don't bother about what I remember."

"We will go on then. The next day Dusky Sol was seen lurking about the neighborhood without his fiddle. He looked up at the windows of the house and learned which was Mr. Merivale's room, by seeing him at the window. He questioned one of the street servants as to who lived there, and professed to know Mr. Merivale. Maybe Dusky Sol can tell where he knew him, or explain away this very suspicious circumstance?"

Sol settled down doggedly into his chair, and made no answer.

"That evening he kept close about the neighborhood, saw Mr. Merivale go out and noticed that he did not wear the jewel. He saw further, after dark, that the lady of the house went out to visit a neighbor. The servant was back in the house, the children in bed, the front of the house empty. The thieving fiddler stole in, made his way to Mr. Merivale's room, broke open by force a small cabinet, and extracted from it this jewel."

He pointed to the diamond on his breast, which at that moment caught a spark of sunlight and broke into full blaze. Sol turned his eyes uneasily away, as the flashing stone appeared to take part in the accusation against him.

"All guess work," he cried. "Where's your proof of it, if there weren't anybody, with their eyes open, in the house?"

"Have you forgotten the servant girl across the street? May she not have suspected and watched you? There's a trap laid for you, Sol, that you are not going to break out of easily."

This was largely conjecture and assumption on the part of the speaker, but he could see from Sol's nervousness that he had so far guessed correctly.

"What comes next?" continued the soldier. "You see how I have traced the jewel to Dusky Sol, the street fiddler. I intend to prove to the court every point I have taken. What follows? It is proved that the tramp has the jewel. He disappears. In less than a week afterward an old gentleman is found murdered in his room. His hand is tightly clenched. On being forced open what thing of all things in existence does it hold? What but this diamond, which had been torn by the old man, in his dying struggles, from the breast of the murderer. Can you see the connection now? How is Dusky Sol going to rebut this testimony, and prove his innocence?"

Sol had grown deathly pale during these last remarks. The full significance of the facts bearing against him flashed for the first time upon him. The soldier's description of the robbery had been so exact to the facts of the case, that there seemed no doubt that he spoke from knowledge. Could this be proved in court, how was Sol to clear himself from the dangerous array of circumstances?

"S'pose Sol sweare he sold it?" he asked, in a low, frightened tone.

"He will have to prove he sold it," replied the other. "And he will have more to prove. I have not half finished my story yet. Robert Merivale was arrested for the murder, on the strength of the discovery of this jewel. The case for the prosecution seemed to bear against him. He did not himself know the strength of his defence. The real murderer did, and feared to let the case continue, in dread that it might turn in favor of the prisoner, and against himself. He induced the prisoner to attempt an escape, and himself assisted in this escape and in the after-concealment of the fugitive."

"This is all guessing," said Sol though his voice trembled and his pallor continued.

"It is knowledge," replied the other. "Dusky Sol visited him in prison. Dusky Sol laid the plans and helped in the escape. Dusky Sol took him to a house where he passed him off as a sick relative, and lived with him for a month. Finally Dusky Sol, satisfied now that he would be hung if again tried, sent information against him, in his own handwriting, to the police station. The officers visited the house, but the bird had flown."

Sol's nervous fright increased as the narration went on. Was this man a wizard that he had tracked him, foot by foot, through such an intricate path.

"You know so much," he said, uneasily, "mebbe you know more. Mebbe you can tell who got the jewel from Dusky?"

"I know the dead man got it. If you are not satisfied to stand to that, you will have to show who stands between you and him. The diamond will bring you the worst kind of bad luck, Sol Brindle, if you can't clear up this dark place in your path."

"I ain't said as I ever seen it afore," replied Sol, with a return of his old surliness.

"And I don't say so. You've talked a good deal, but talk ain't figures."

"You haven't taken a step but what I know," replied the soldier. "You thought yourself well hidden in this house. Yet you see, as soon as I was ready, I walk in and see Dusky Sol at home."

"Who the thunder are you, anyhow?" cried Sol, with the tone of one driven to the wall. "You are either the devil, or Hi Long."

"Neither, Sol. Hiram Long is shorter and sharper than me, and you can better represent the devil. I am quite wide awake to your tricks though."

"I'll bet!" said the tramp, with a hoarse, desperate laugh. "If Hi Long beats you, he's got to get up early. And if you beat me, I'll sell my head for a football. Talk's cheap. You hold the right bower, do you? I've got a card as ain't played yet, that'll mebbe take your Jack. You've let a good deal out of you. You ain't got nothing out of me, nor ain't a-going to. I'll stick to what I said, that I never saw that diamond afore, and you kin do your wust."

"My worst may be a gallows for Dusky Sol."

"It ain't in the wood," said Sol, defiantly.

"See here, Sol," said the other, in a changed tone. "Suppose I say that I believe that you are clear of the murder, suppose I believe your story of disposing of the jewel, suppose I name the man to whom you sold it, are you ready to acknowledge the truth, and save your neck from danger?"

"Sol Brindle never blowed yet, and he ain't a-going to begin now. Go ahead, gossip, you've played all your keerds, and you ain't skeered me yet."

"Not all. I have a trump in my hand yet," said the soldier, rising.

"What is it?" asked Sol.

"It's the left bower. I fancy it will take the balance of your hand. How would you fancy a warrant of arrest for murder?"

"Do your prettiest, gossip. I'm clear grit."

Without another word the visitor left the room, eyeing Sol sharply until the door had closed between them.

(To be continued in our next. Commenced in No. 62.)

☞ Lester B. Platt, a Yale divinity student, who has been spending his vacation on the western plains, accepted an invitation to hunt with the Pawnees, and was with them when they were attacked by the Sioux recently on the plains and so many of them slaughtered. Platt fought bravely, but was captured. He wore the Pawnee dress, and would have been scalped, but the Sioux chief forbade it, and, pointing to the Republican river, bade him run for his life. He did, and saved it.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Thirty cents a line for each insertion.
☞ Payment is required in advance.

HEARING RESTORED.

A Great Invention. Send stamp for particulars to GEO. J. WOOD, Madison, Indiana. sep2 -1t

A MAN OF A THOUSAND.
A CONSUMPTIVE CURED.

When death was hourly expected from CONSUMPTION all remedies having failed, accident led to a discovery whereby Dr. H. James cured his only child, with a preparation of CANNABIS INDICA. He now gives this recipe free on receipt of 2 stamps to pay expenses. There is not a single symptom of consumption that it does not eradicate. Night Sweats, Irritation of the Nerves, Difficult Expectoration, Sharp Pains in the Lungs, Nausea at the Stomach, Inaction of the Bowels, and Wasting of the Muscles. Address CRADDOCK & CO., 1032 Race Street, Philadelphia, Pa., giving name of this paper. sep27-13t

THE ELIZABETH INSTITUTE, A BOARDING and Day School for Young Ladies, will re-open September 17, 1873. Apply to Mrs. N. C. READ, 16 North Broad St., Elizabeth, N. J. s-p6-3t

ECLECTIC MEDICAL COLLEGE OF PENNSYLVANIA.—Winter Session commences OCTOBER 6th, 1873. Fees $30. No other expenses. Address Professor BUCHANAN, M. D., Philadelphia. aug 2-ow6t

AGENTS WANTED FOR
UNDEVELOPED WEST
OR,
Five Years in the Territories.

The only complete history of that vast region between the Mississippi and the Pacific: Its Resources, Climate, Inhabitants, National Curiosities, &c. It contains 240 fine engravings of the Scenery, Lands, People, and Curiosities of the Great West, and agents are selling from 15 to 25 copies per day. Address NATIONAL PUBLISHING CO., Philadelphia, Pa. sep27 4t

WOMEN MEN, Girls and Boys wanted, to sell our French and American Jewelry, Books, Games, &c., in their own localities. New articles sold, stamps, Terms, &c., sent FREE. P. O. VICKERY & CO., Augusta, Maine. sep20-13t

$72.00 EACH WEEK.—Agents wanted everywhere. Business strictly legitimate. Particulars free. Address J. WORTH & CO., St. Louis, Mo. sep20-26t

$250 A MONTH can be made selling our new Novelties. More Agents wanted. For terms and circulars, address with stamp, *Pittsburgh Supply Co.*, Pittsburgh, Pa. je28-26t

MAGIC OR INVISIBLE PHOTOGRAPHS.—Wonderful and Amusing. 25 cents, post-paid. Address B. FOX & CO., 369 Canal St., New York. de28-52t

$5 to $20 per day! Agents wanted! All classes of working people, of either sex, young or old, make more money at work for us in their spare moments or all the time than at any thing else. Particulars free. Address G. Stinson & Co., Portland, Maine. nov16-52t

RUPTURE

Relieved and Cured by Dr. Sherman's Patent Appliance and Compound. Office, 697 Broadway, N. Y. Send 10c. for book with photographic likenesses of cases before and after cure, with the Henry Ward Beecher case, letters and portrait. Beware of travelling impostors, who pretend to have been assistants of Dr. SHERMAN. He has no agents. sep20-8t

HOW TO BEHAVE AND SHINE IN SOCIETY; The Laws of Courtship and Marriage; The Complete Fortune-Teller, and Dream-Book; How to Write Letters Correctly; Invisible Photographs; Art of Secret Correspondence. All good. Mailed for 15 cents each, or the lot for 75 cents. Address E. THORNTON, Hoboken, N. J. sep6-13t

AYER'S HAIR VIGOR,
For Restoring Gray Hair
TO ITS NATURAL VITALITY AND COLOR.

Advancing years, sickness, care, disappointment, and hereditary predisposition, all turn the hair gray, and either of them incline it to shed prematurely.

AYER'S HAIR VIGOR, by long and extensive use, has proven that it stops the falling of the hair immediately; often renews the growth, and always surely restores its color, when faded or gray. It stimulates the nutritive organs to healthy activity, and preserves both the hair and its beauty. Thus baldness, weak or sickly hair becomes glossy, pliable and strengthened; lost hair restored with lively expression; failing hair is checked and established; thin hair thickens; and faded or gray hair resumes its original color. Its operation is sure and harmless. It cures dandruff, heals all humors, and keeps the scalp cool, clean and soft—under which conditions, diseases of the scalp are impossible.

As a dressing for ladies' hair, the VIGOR is prized for its graceful and agreeable perfume, and valued for the soft lustre and richness of tone it imparts.

PREPARED BY
DR. J. C. AYER & CO. Lowell, Mass.,
Practical and Analytical Chemists
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS IN MEDICINE.

IMPERISHABLE FRAGRANCE.

MURRAY & LANMAN'S CELEBRATED
Florida Water,

The richest, most lasting, yet most delicate of all perfumes, for use on the
HANDKERCHIEF,
At the TOILET,
And in the BATH.

As there are imitations and counterfeits, always ask for the Florida Water which has on the bottle, on the label, and on the pamphlet, the names of MURRAY & LANMAN, without which none is genuine.
For sale by all Perfumers, Druggists and dealers in Fancy Goods. je14-26t

TARRANT'S SELTZER APERIENT

Three Thousand Miles Away, in another hemisphere, sparkles the Seltzer Spring. In every drug store in America you may obtain its equivalent, put it in your pocket and carry it with you to the world's end, if you choose.

Tarrant's Effervescent Seltzer Aperient

is simply the living fountain of health, in the form of a powder capable of being converted into a bubbling flashing *facsimile* of the liquid product of nature in one minute. Armed with this antidote, all climates and every atmospheric change may be faced without fear. As a remedy in malarious fevers, stomach complaints, irregularities of the bowels, nervous disorders, acute depression, headache, overflow of bile, dropsical ailments, nausea and constipation, it has no equal. Sold by all druggists. sep20-2t

Instantaneous Relief and Sound, Refreshing Sleep
GUARANTEED BY USING MY
Instant Relief for the Asthma.

It acts instantly, relieving the paroxysm immediately, and enabling the patient to lie down and sleep. I suffered from this disease twelve years, but suffer no more, and work and sleep as well as any one. Warranted to relieve in the worst case. Sent by mail on receipt of price, one dollar per box. Ask your Druggist for it. CHAS. B. HURST,
mar1-52t Rochester, Beaver Co., Pa.

MONEY made easy, with Stencil and Key Check Outfits. Catalogues and particulars FREE. S. M. SPENCER, 117 Hanover street, Boston. mh15-cow26t

SLATE MANTELS

ESTABLISHED 1838.

Of the latest and most beautiful designs, and all other Slate work on hand or made to order.
Factory and Sales-rooms, No. 1210 RIDGE AVENUE. WILSON & MILLER,
jy12-26t Philadelphia, Pa.

'MID THE GOLDEN CORN.

To and fro, to and fro,
'Mid the golden corn,
Bonnie Elsie warbled low:
"Here you shall be worn,
Twining round about my head;
Blossom blue and poppy red,
'Mid the golden corn!"

Sweet as these, sweet as these,
'Mid the golden corn,
Elsie's warble yet again
O'er the grain was borne:
"Happy heart, soft music sing,
For I wear a true-love ring
'Mid the golden corn!"

In his ear, to his ear,
'Mid the golden corn,
Elsie warbled fresh and clear
As the bird of morn:
"Merry sunshine, dance along;
Life, O love, is but a song
'Mid the golden corn!"

A LIFE'S ROMANCE.

BY T. JEFFERSON CHAMBERS.

An August night. The silvery moonlight shone through the open window of the comfortable library at Oaklands, and fell full upon my uncle's gray hair and careworn face.

"Why, uncle," I said, by way of breaking the tiresome silence, "you look almost like a young man, sitting there in the soft moonlight."

My uncle smiled gently as he spoke, in his deep yet tender voice:

"Well, I am not an old man, Walter—I am scarcely forty."

"Scarcely forty!" I exclaimed. "Why, your hair is almost white."

"Yes, I know it. Looking at my grizzled hair and careworn face, a stranger would pronounce me sixty at least, and yet my years do not number two score. I am not aged and hardened by the weight of years, but by a sorrow that fell upon me in my early manhood, robbing me forever of happiness and youth. I am cold and cynical enough now, Walter, but my life has had its romance, and if you care to hear the story I will tell it you, although I seldom recall the bitter-sweet memories of the past."

"Go on, uncle—I am deeply interested," I said, eagerly.

Suppressing a sigh, my uncle glanced through the window at the moonlit landscape for a moment; then turning to me began:

Fifteen years ago, Walter, I was as handsome and light-hearted as you are now. You resemble me very closely. You have the same boyish, beardless face, the dark eyes, the abundant brown curls that I once possessed. God grant that your eyes may not be dimmed, your hair blanched, by trouble such as I have experienced.

As you know, we are a Scottish family. My father was born and bred in the Highlands, and the name of Drummond is well known there. He emigrated to America when a young man, married a New England girl, and lived and died in the land of his adoption. He had but two children; the elder, your father, who died several years ago, and myself.

In my earliest youth, I felt an intense longing to visit the land of my forefathers—to gaze on its rugged, fog-wreathed hills, its romantic lochs and glens. I eagerly perused all the books concerning it which fell in my way, and I grew up to manhood with the settled purpose of crossing the ocean to spend my life in the fastnesses of the Highlands.

When I was about three-and-twenty, the opportunity occured for me to carry out my plans. My father died, and his moderate fortune was divided between my brother and myself. I took passage as soon as possible for the Old World, and in due time I found myself in the land of my dreams.

Influenced by what I then supposed to be a mere whim, but what I now believe to have been a link in the chain of destiny, I concealed my real name on arriving in Scotland, and adopted that of Mowbray. Had I not done this, my life might have been entirely different from what it has been; but it is useless to speculate about the unalterable. As the Turks say, it was my *kismet*—my fate.

One August morning I left the one hotel of the little village at which I was staying, and started for a day's tramp amid the wild and rugged hills. I was equipped as a sportsman, with rifle, fishing-tackle, etc. The morning was cool, and a dense mist hung over the vales, and half concealed the rocky outlines of the hills. Indeed, the fog was so thick in places that I could scarcely see ten yards before me, but I tramped steadily on, buoyant with youth and health, and delighted with the glimpses which I caught of the wildly romantic cliffs around and above me.

I was sauntering lazily along, whistling softly an old Scottish air, "The Campbells are coming," when I was startled out of my revery by hearing a low, yet piercing scream, uttered in a woman's plaintive, musical voice. I stopped and listened intently. In a moment the cry was repeated and I could distinguish the words "Help! oh, help!"

"Some woman is in distress," I thought, "and I must go to her rescue."

But I knew not where to go. The dense gray cloud of fog hung over everything, but I started rapidly in the direction from whence I thought the cry for help proceeded. In a moment I found myself at the foot of what appeared to be a perpendicular cliff of considerable height, half way up which I could faintly distinguish a woman's form clinging to a narrow ledge of rocks. While I gazed the mist floated partially away, and I could see the frightened cliff-climber distinctly. She had evidently slipped from the top of the cliff, and the projecting ledge had prevented her from falling to the bottom, and in all probability saved her life.

"Some shepherd lass who has missed her footing," I thought, "but be she who she will, I must aid her to escape from her perilous position."

Seeing that the girl was aware of my presence, I called to her:

"Remain where you are until I can ascend the cliff and render you all the assistance in my power."

The girl seemed nearly paralyzed with fright. She clung closer to the rocks, and her face, through the now rapidly-disappearing mist, looked white as snow. I threw down my gun and fishing-rod, and commenced ascending the cliffs as expeditiously as was possible. It was a difficult and dangerous undertaking, but I was light-footed and fearless, and in a moment I stood on the narrow ledge before the terrified maiden. She turned toward me with a smile on her pale, but beautiful face; and for an instant I forgot myself entirely, and stared admiringly at the lovely creature by my side.

She was no shepherd lass, I saw at once by the richness and elegance of her dress, and the face which she turned toward me was more beautiful than any I had ever pictured to myself in dreams. A creamy, dazzling complexion; great dark eyes, which seemed to float in a sea of unshed tears; crimson, tender lips, and a broad forehead, around which rippled and curled tresses of midnight darkness. She looked more like a Spanish maiden of sunny Cadiz or Seville than she did like an inhabitant of cool Scotland; but I knew by her dress that she was the daughter of some Highland laird.

"I heard your cries of distress, lady," I said, when I had recovered my self-possession somewhat, "and I have come to assist you from your perilous position."

"Ah, yes," said the maiden, in rich, flute-like tones. "The fog was so dense that I missed my footing and fell over the cliff. It seems almost a miracle that I escaped unharmed, but how I am to reach the top of the cliff again I cannot tell."

"Here seems to be a winding path, which perhaps you can follow with my assistance," I said, pointing to a narrow track which wound around the face of the cliff.

"Let us try, then, at once, for I am very anxious to leave my giddy perch," said the girl.

By this time the fog had mostly dispersed, so that surrounding objects were plainly visible. I took the maiden's little hand in mine, and guided her slowly and carefully up the narrow, rocky path. In places there was scarcely any foothold, and frightful precipices yawned beneath our feet; but by grasping the friendly roots and branches growing near, we accomplished the dangerous passage in safety and at last stood on firm ground at the top of the cliff.

"You have saved my life, and how shall I thank you?" said the girl, gratefully.

"By telling me your name, fair lady," I answered. "That will be a sufficient recompense for the trifling service I have rendered you."

"Then you are easily repaid for your trouble," said the lady, smiling. "My name is Jeannie Fenwick, sister and only near relative of Robert Fenwick, of Fenwick Castle."

"Thank you, Miss Fenwick," I said. "I will introduce myself in turn. I am Walter Mowbray, an American by birth, but my ancestors were Scotch, and I intend to take up my residence in the Highlands. It has been the dream of my life to visit this romantic region, which already seems like home to me."

"Then I hope, Mr. Mowbray, that you will call on us soon and often at the castle."

"I should be delighted to do so," I answered, eagerly; "but Lord Fenwick might not care to form my acquaintance."

"Never fear," said Miss Fenwick, smiling. "You are a gentleman, and my brother is a very unpretending personage. Why not go back with me to the castle now? Robert will be delighted to thank you for the service you have rendered me."

I need not tell you that I gladly accepted the invitation so frankly tendered me. I was half in love with this Highland beauty at first sight, and of course I welcomed this opportunity of forming the acquaintance of her brother, who was reported to be one of the most wealthy and powerful of the Highland lairds.

Fenwick Castle was an ancient structure, massive and gloomy in appearance, but the interior was comfortable and even elegant. Robert, Lord Fenwick, was a young man of six-and-twenty, tall, dark and stately, with a haughty mouth and eyes of fire; yet his manners were gracious, and he received me courteously and thanked me warmly when his sister explained the manner in which I had rescued her from her perilous position.

To make a long story short, I will say that I became a constant visitor at Fenwick Castle. I was a gentleman by birth, possessed of a moderate fortune, and Lord Fenwick treated me as an honored equal; and his sister—I soon saw that the beautiful girl was growing to love me with all the strength and depth of her passionate nature. And I loved her in return—ah, Heaven, how I loved her! For most men and women there are many loves in a lifetime; for me there was but one. All the joy and tenderness of my soul died out when my earliest love-dream came to such a tragical end. But I anticipate.

I passed a blissful month at Fenwick Castle, basking in the smiles of her who was all the world to me. Miss Fenwick promised to become my wife during the coming winter, and I firmly believed myself the happiest man on earth. I had not yet revealed my true name—I knew not why it was so, but I felt a strange reluctance to give my real name. Perhaps it was a prescience of coming evil—for I believe that sometimes "Coming events cast their shadows before."

One beautful autumn morning, Miss Fenwick and I started on a ride among the rugged but beautiful hills. The trees were gorgeous in their autumn dress; the air was cool and invigorating; all nature seemed to smile upon us, as we rode onward, chatting and laughing, the happiest of the happy.

We rode a considerable distance, and into a part of the country that I had never seen. At length we paused in a lovely little valley, and gazed upward at the hills which towered around and above us. On the summit of one of the tallest of these stood an ancient-looking castle, half surrounded by trees and shrubbery.

"What a picturesque pile that is," I said, pointing to the gloomy structure.

"That is Drummond Castle," replied Miss Fenwick.

"Drummond Castle!" I exclaimed, with a start. Then I added, calmly—"That is a place of which I have often heard—I must visit it sometime."

"You must not," said my betrothed, quickly, "if you value my love, or the friendship of my brother. Both would be lost to you, were you to step within the castle's doors."

"What do you mean?" I asked, staring in vague alarm at my beautiful companion.

"I mean, that between the house of Drummond and our own there is a deadly feud—a feud so bitter that my brother or myself would rather die than set foot in yonder castle."

"Great Heaven!" I gasped, growing sick at heart.

Miss Fenwick looked at me curiously.

"If you are a Scotchman, you should not be surprised at this," she said. "In the Highlands, such feuds are very common, and have been so from the earliest times."

"But this feud between the houses of Fenwick and Drummond must be of recent occurrence?" I said.

"It is—but none the less deadly on that account. It commenced with the last generation—and Fergus Drummond, the present master, does everything in his power to continue and increase it. It is the one fear of my life that he and my brother will meet in deadly encounter, for their hatred of each other is terrible."

"But your brother's hatred is only to the present heir—it does not extend to the distant connections of the family?" I asked, eagerly.

"You are mistaken," replied my betrothed. "My brother has sworn eternal hatred against every one by the name of Drummond—and the hatred is just.

A NEGATIVE AFFIRMATIVE.

FLORA—"Johnny, are you asleep?"
JOHNNY—"Yes, fast."

Their house has wronged ours terribly; and the injury can never be forgiven—never forgotten."

"And you would not marry a Drummond, Jeannie—not even if you loved him?" I said.

"Walter—if I were offered death, even in its most terrible form, or marriage with a Drummond, I would choose the former," replied Miss Fenwick, with flashing eyes.

"Ah, my God! what terrible fatality is this!" I cried, hoarsely. "Jeannie, I am a Drummond—I bear that hated name; Lord Fergus Drummond is my cousin."

Miss Fenwick uttered a low shriek, and would have fallen from her saddle, but I caught her form in my arms, and dismounted from my steed as quickly as possible. I laid the fainting girl down gently; I knelt beside her, chafing her cold hands, kissing her pallid cheeks, and imploring her to look up and speak to me once more. At last she revived, and stared at me with a wild terror in her beautiful eyes.

"Oh, Walter, Walter!" she cried, rising to her feet, and catching my hands in hers, "unsay those cruel words—tell me that you are not a Drummond!"

"I cannot," I answered, sadly. "I must tell you the truth, my darling—my real name is Walter Drummond. I did wrong by passing under a false name, but God knows I had no thought of any such consequence as this. I cannot regret it, however, for had you known me as a Drummond, I could not have won your love."

"Ah, Heaven!" cried Miss Fenwick. "Do you not know, Walter, that our love is hopeless—that we must part forever? Do you think that I could wed one of the hated Drummond clan?"

"Surely, Jeannie, I said, "you will not let this foolish quarrel part us? However much Fergus Drummond and his father may have wronged your family, I am innocent of all blame. Remember that I am an American born and bred—that I have no part nor lot in the Drummond estate, or the Drummond feuds."

"Still you are a Drummond—I can never marry you—my brother would rather see me dead than living as your wife," panted Miss Fenwick.

"I shall explain all the circumstances to your brother at once," I said. "If he is a reasonable man, he cannot blame me for bearing the name of Drummond; he will forgive the deception I have practised, and consent to our union, Jeannie."

"Alas! you do not know my brother, Walter. He never forgives—never forgets."

"But if your brother consents to our union, Jeannie, *you* will not refuse?" I asked.

"No, I will not refuse," answered the girl. "A moment ago, I said that I would sooner die than marry a Drummond; but oh, Walter! parting from you is worse than death."

"Nothing but death shall part us," I said, clasping her in my arms.

At length we returned to the castle, and I at once sought an interview with Lord Fenwick. He listened to my story in silence, but I could see by the expression of his face that he was terribly moved. He controlled himself, however, and said calmly, when I had finished:

"This is sad—terribly sad. I bear no personal enmity to you, but the Drummonds are my deadly foes. You must leave Fenwick Castle at once and forever."

I reasoned, I begged, I entreated, but all in vain—the young man was hard as a rock. Filled with despair, I at last turned to leave the castle.

"You will grant me a last interview with your sister—surely you cannot refuse me that?" I said, and my voice sounded hoarse and unnatural, even to myself.

"I cannot refuse you that," replied Lord Fenwick, coldly. "And now, Walter Drummond, farewell forever."

I sought the room in which Miss Fenwick was seated. She uttered an exclamation as she caught sight of my ghastly face.

"My brother refuses his consent to our union?" she asked.

"He commands me to leave Fenwick Castle at once and forever," I returned, bitterly.

"And you must go, Walter; we must part. But, oh, my love, my love, it is so hard—so hard!"

Sobbing, the beautiful girl threw herself into my arms. For one brief, delicious moment I held her to my breast, kissing her trembling lips, murmuring fond, broken words of love.

At length she withdrew from my embrace, whispering hoarsely—

"Go—go—oh, my love, my life, farewell forever!"

One long, lingering, passionate kiss, and I turned and fled from the house. For a fortnight I travelled through the wildest and most inaccessible parts of the Highlands, striving to forget the passion that almost maddened me, but in vain. Jeannie Fenwick's beautiful face was ever before me. Time, instead of assuaging my grief, only rendered it more intense. At last I resolved to return to Fenwick Castle—to look once more upon the idol of my heart.

It was a dark, dreary October afternoon when I approached the castle. The winds sighed mournfully through the trees, and the entire landscape seemed in unison with the sad emotions of my soul. As I walked slowly along the winding path that led to the castle, a woman arose from the rocks on which she had been sitting, unnoticed by me.

"Jeannie!" I exclaimed, starting back at sight of that beautiful, deathly-pale face.

"Walter! oh, my love, my love!" cried the maiden, throwing her arms around my neck.

Ah, the ineffable bliss of that moment! I forgot the past, I forgot the future—I only remembered that I held my darling in my arms—that her cheek touched mine—that her tears mingled with my own. How long we stood thus I know not. I looked up to see Lord Fenwick's haughty form before us, while his fiery eyes glared fiercely into mine.

"Lying, perjured villain!" he exclaimed. "Treacherous son of a treacherous race! did I not command you to leave Fenwick Castle forever? But I will be revenged—my sister's lips shall never again be sullied by the kisses of a Drummond!"

Lord Fenwick raised his hand, in which glittered a dagger; in a moment I fell to the ground, while the blood flowed in torrents from a wound in my side. Miss Fenwick uttered a wild shriek, and sank down at my feet. Her brother raised her in his arms, but the lips were pale, the beautiful eyes were closed forever. Faint and bleeding, I staggered to my feet, I caught my darling's hands in mine, I called her by every endearing name, but all in vain; her pure spirit had flown—her beautiful form was cold and motionless.

"May Heaven's curse rest upon you, Robert Fenwick, for what you have done!" I exclaimed, bitterly.

Lord Fenwick made no reply. With a last look at the lovely face that could smile upon me never again, I turned and walked as swiftly as I could from the spot. I succeeded in reaching a shepherd's hut, where I remained until my wound was healed, and then I left Scotland forever. For years I wandered over the earth, an aimless, hopeless man; at last I returned to my native land, and became a stern, cold, hard-working man of business. As such you have known me, Walter, but now you know why I am old and gray-headed when I should be in the very prime of life.

My uncle sighed as he ceased speaking. The moonlight shone brightly in, and fell tenderly upon his bowed head and grizzled hair.

ONE OF A THOUSAND.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

"I wish I had five hundred dollars," Graham Marsh said, as he looked up from the paper he had been reading.

"What would you do with it?" asked Alice Moore, smiling down into his face. She had laid aside her work, and had come to his side.

"I would buy a partnership in some reliable firm where a young and active partner is wanted," he replied.

"Would five hundred dollars do it?" she asked.

"Not five hundred in itself, but with what I could put with it I could easily get a chance to invest it as I proposed," he answered. "But the five hundred is what is needed, and without it there's no use talking."

"And if you had it—if you could buy into some firm, what then?" she asked.

"What then? Why we could be married, and have a home of our own, that's all," he answered.

A soft light came into her eyes.

"Perhaps if we work a little harder, you and I, we can get it inside of a year," she said, resolutely.

"I don't want you to help get it," he answered. "You work hard enough over that everlasting scribbling of yours now. I want to get a home where I can take you, and let you give up this drudgery of writing for a living wholly."

"It isn't such *very* hard work," she said. "I should like to help get a home. You ought to be willing to let me. I shall be the one to enjoy it most."

"I know, but you work hard enough now," he answered; a smile curving the lines about his mouth, as she let her hand fall caressingly on his hair. It was pleasant to feel her touch upon his head, and to know that she cared so much for him.

"I shouldn't mind a little extra work," she said, thoughtfully, "because I should all the time be looking forward to what the reward of it would be. *You* work hard: it's no more than fair that I should help you, if I can."

"Yes, I know *I* work hard," he said. "That's a fact, Alice, I shouldn't work so hard if it wasn't for you."

"Well, then, since you work so hard for me, you ought to let me work a little for you," she said. "It will be only an extra poem or story a week. In that way I can get something to help you in this plan of yours, perhaps."

"Well, I don't mind your trying," he said at last, "but I don't like the idea of your working any harder than you do at present."

She smiled down into the handsome face of the man she had promised to marry. It was not a strong face. There were lines of weakness about the mouth, and of indecision in his features which a physiognomist would not have liked to see.

But to Alice Moore, who had so few friends, he was more than you can imagine, unless you are in circumstances similar to those which surrounded her. To her marriage with him she looked forward longingly, trustingly. Then she would have a home of her own. Then, when love sat down beside their own hearthstone, they would smile at the world and have strong hearts to battle with it.

Alice wrote the "extra story" every week. It was a task sometimes to muster up ideas when ideas seemed nearly exhausted, but the impulse that prompted her to perform this extra labor kept her steadily to her determination, and the publisher who had consented to take the stories she proposed to furnish him each week, found them promptly on hand.

Any one who knows anything about "writing for a living," knows that it is a "hard living" that one gets in that way, in nine cases out of ten. Alice found it kept her busy to write enough to keep herself in clothes and pay her board-bills, and afford the occasional recreations which she knew she must have, if she kept to her work. But every time she thought of the home she was going to have, and the love that would be hers in it, her fingers flew over the paper, and it seemed to her that the stories she wrote then were her best ones.

"I am laying up quite a little sum toward that five hundred dollars," she said to Graham Marsh, one evening, when he dropped in to chat an hour or two, as he did quite often.

"I think I know where I can invest it," he said. "I heard of an opening yesterday. Lent told me about it."

The year went on slowly, it seemed to Alice Moore. She grew more and more weary of the life in Mrs. St. John's boarding-house. It was so different from what her ideal home-life was, so lacking, utterly, in the thousand nameless things that make life what life ought to be.

By and by, as the year was drawing to a close, Graham Marsh's visits became less frequent. He pleaded press of business when she chided him for not coming oftener. But there was something in his manner that troubled Alice. A something—what, she could not tell—seemed to stretch itself between them. He was often thoughtful and preoccupied. He seemed ill at ease in her company. He spoke little of the future, and not at all of the home about which they had talked so much.

By and by a rumor of the cause of this change in her lover came to her. He had met a fairer face than her own, and the gossips said that he went oftener to see this new fancy of his than he did to see the woman who wore his betrothal ring.

At first Alice could not believe it. She *would not*. But by and by she found out something that made her believe there was some truth in the story, in spite of her determination not to believe it.

When Graham Marsh came to her the first time after her discovery, she put the question to him fairly and squarely. Did he care for some one else more than he did for her?

He could not evade a direct answer, and she found out that the man she had loved so well was recreant to his promise.

"Ah, Graham!" she said, with reproach in her face and tone, "why couldn't you have told me this frankly and honestly before? Did you suppose I would keep you against your wishes?"

"I have not asked my freedom back," he said, fretfully. "I do not now."

"Do you imagine I would wear your ring another day, knowing what I do?" she asked. "You wrong me. I give it back to you now, and hope you may be happy," she added, earnestly.

He took his ring, ashamed of himself thoroughly. There was something noble and lofty in Alice that commanded his admiration and respect. She had given him no reproaches for his conduct, only good wishes for his future happiness.

He married the woman who had won him away from Alice. Among his wedding gifts was a letter, and opening it, he drew out three hundred dollars, and a scrap of paper on which was written—

"Accept this from a friend. You need a home. Let this go toward buying you one, and may it be a *home* to you indeed."

There was no name: but he knew well enough who it came from. If he had been a strong, proud man he would not have accepted it. But he was a weak man in many things, and he accepted this money, telling himself that some time he would repay it. He needed it so much, he argued in his selfishness.

Alice is better off, I think, without Graham Marsh than she would have been with him. He was never worthy of her. She is infinitely above him in nobility of mind and soul. She would have chafed over his narrow selfishness, and his wavering, vacillating purposes. Some time the happiness may come to her which she deserves; the happiness of home, and a heart worthy of her love. I trust it will.

ACROSS THE WAY.

BY GLEN CAROL.

You think you know your neighbor across the way. Because you see each other almost daily, exchange frequent visits, and are "the best of friends," as the phrase goes, you think you know her perfectly. You know that she is a pleasant, sympathetic little body, ready with a smile or a tear as occasion demands, that she is the life of the circle in which she moves, and generous—charitable to a fault. For all this, you do not know your neighbor! You know her as she *seems* to be—as she appears to the world—but her real self, her inner life is locked away from you so securely that you may never hope to know it.

Experience has made her wise. Sorrow has made her dumb. There are wonderful possibilities, "deep-sea soundings" within her soul; but you will never fathom them. The "old story" is written through her life-book, but you will never read it—from every tear blotting that fair book's pages, was coined a smile. When friendship turned traitor, and thrust at her with dagger poison-tipped, did she give blow for blow? Nay! only this—around her, fast, she wrapped the cloak of silence, and for every smarting stroke that false hands dealt, she but drew her mantle closer, closer still, that they might never know how true had been their aim!

And when, after long years, *friendship* (!) stepped forth, with face all wreathed in smiles, and sought to put pale, tortured memory to death, she turned with clear, proud eye, *that looked the traitor down*, and clasping memory to her side, folded around them both her mantle, *silence!*

She is not with you, though you see her day by day. Your real neighbor is far, very far off; she is a wanderer through that dim land lying away—away—and peopled only with shadows—the land once and always her own—the thrice beloved past! No storms o'er sweep across that fairy isle, leaving darkness and desolation in their train; no blighting frosts fall upon its tender flowers; shadows come forth to greet her—herself a shadow—shadow arms enfold her, and in that long embrace she forgets once more.

Forgets the jarring, warring world to which she must return full soon—its masks, its mockeries!

You do not know her—you never *can*—your neighbor across the way!

Answers to Correspondents.

PAY YOUR POSTAGE.—Authors and others often send us letters and manuscripts not fully paid. In these cases the Department here enforces payment of the deficiency—which we either have to pay, or to decline receiving the letters or manuscripts. Authors will also bear in mind that the Department now requires letter postage on all manuscripts—therefore it is often cheaper, as it is always safer, to send large packages by express.

WE cannot undertake to answer questions relating to the acceptance or rejection of manuscripts in this column. And there is no occasion of writing to ask whether we will examine a manuscript. Send it on, and we will examine it; keeping a copy, to avoid all danger of loss—as we do not hold ourselves responsible for the safe return of manuscript.

CARLIE L., (Millbank, N. C.,) asks: "1st. Has the N. Y. Herald the largest circulation of the daily papers in the United States, as I have heard that it has? 2d. What is the duty of a shipping clerk in a wholesale house, and judging from my writing, do you think I could fill the position? I can write very fast. 3d. Are there any songs composed about the much-lamented Charlotte Temple? If so, where could I get them? 4th. What is 50 cents multiplied by 50 cents? I say it is 25 cents. Am I right?" 1st. We believe several have larger. 2d. It is his duty to attend to the shipment of goods, and make the necessary entries. Your writing is not good, and writing is far from being the only requisite. 3d. We do not know of any. 4th. There is a fallacy here which you fail to perceive. You cannot multiply cents by cents. You might as reasonably inquire what 50 cabbages multiplied by 10 turnips would come to. You can only multiply 50 cents by a number, not by another sum of money. 50 *times* 50 cents would be 25 dollars.

W. A. M. (Williamsport, Pa.,) asks: "1st. Do you think that fish have the power of communicating ideas to other fish of their own, or not of their own species? 2d. Are sunfish and goldfish of the same family? 3d. What is your opinion of the case of the parricide, Frank Walworth? 4th. What is Queen Victoria's second name? 5th. Why will a cannon shot off over a piece of water, bring the body of a drowned person, which is lying at the bottom, up to the surface? 6th. What are ink-erasers composed of? 7th. Have postage stamps ever been counterfeited in this country? 8th. Is agriculture the healthiest and most profitable profession, if one has everything necessary to conduct it properly?" 1st. It is probable, judging by what we know of other animals, that fish have this power to a limited degree. Many species of insects are known to have such power, and fish, as a more developed form of animal life, are very likely to possess it. 2d. No. They belong to two distinct families. 3d. This is a kind of question which we prefer not to answer. Our opinion on such subjects will not probably influence yours, or those of other questioners, and will not affect the course of justice, so that we see no occasion to obtrude our private opinions. 4th. Her family name is Guelph (Welsh), she being a descendant from the Brunswick branch of that ancient European family. Her Christian name is Alexandrina Victoria. 5th. The explosion produces a concussion in the body of water, the effect of which extends downward to the bottom. In certain stages of decomposition, which have caused the generation of gas, the body may be rather lighter than the water, and the jar may cause it to rise—if it be the fact that such an effect is produced. 6th. The best ink-eraser that we know of is a sharp-bladed penknife. Some acids will remove ink from paper, but they usually discolor the paper. 7th. They may have been. We do not, just now, remember any instance. 8th. It is no doubt the healthiest, if prosecuted in moderation, and on the whole as profitable as any other. Few farmers become very rich, but the great majority make a comfortable living.

H. M. F., (Monticello, Mo.) asks: "If you please, give me your opinion on this one question: Where does the soul of man dwell after death until the judgment?" It is hard for a public professor of general information to have to confess ignorance of anything in Heaven or earth, or in the waters under the earth. But how can a man have an opinion about a matter of which he is in absolute ignorance, and utterly without means of arriving at a solution? We are a sort of public medium, but not of that sort which professes to stand between spirits and mortals, and to tell the secrets of the realm to be, unto the curious denizens of this nether world.

A. N. G., (Madison, Kansas,) asks: "1st. What gave rise to the words Whoa, Haw and Gee, used in driving horses? 2d. Why are monkey wrenches so called? 3d. Is the oil used on machinery destroyed by slow combustion? If not, what becomes of it? 4th. Can you tell me of what Babbit metal, which is used to fill boxings on machinery, is composed? Is it patented? 5th. What is the cause of gas well-buckets, when first used, becoming dark-blue or nearly black?" 1st. We is the modern form of the "Ho" or "Hoa," an exclamation formerly used at tournaments, commanding the knights to desist from all further action. So up is "get up" or "Gehen up," meaning, "go along." Hee-wo is the Italian *ajo*, (get on.) How may also have arisen from Ho. Its difference in use does not preclude this derivation. 2d. It may have arisen from the quickness with which they can be changed to fit any sized nut, they having a monkey-like versatility as compared with ordinary wrenches. 3d. It probably is. A portion of it, of course, runs off, but as the rest cannot evaporate, it can only lose its lubricating properties through chemical changes. 4th. It is an alloy of copper, zinc and tin. There is no patent on it at present, so far as we are aware. 5th. We doubt very much your premises. Of course we know they will turn dark after long usage, but it does not seem probable that they do so on being first used. Unless you have positive knowledge that this is a fact, we think you can safely dismiss it.

W. A. Mc., (Williamsport, Pa.,) asks: "Will you enlighten me on the following various subjects? 1st. Was Goliah one of a race of giants, who lived thousands of years ago? 2d. Are the Mormons divided into sects? 3d. Can you tell me of what use the wasp is to mankind? 4th. Has George P. Train any near relations living? 5th. Was the diamond marriage anniversary ever celebrated? 6th. What is the best kind of exercise to strengthen the muscles of the arm especially those of the wrist? 7th. Why would a train of cars, running on a curve, be thrown off the track if one side of the road was not elevated and the other depressed accordingly? 8th. Is there any preventive against, or cure for, the bite of a rattlesnake?" 1st. Goliah was a gigantic member of the army of the Philistines. This is all the Biblical account gives us any warrant for, and we will not draw on our imagination to ascribe him to any hypothetical race of giants that made those old times hideous. 2d. We have not heard of any sectarian differences in their ranks. There are political differences, and different views respecting polygamy. 3d. Of no use to mankind, unless it be to make a man lively, Terpsichorean, and emphatic, when venturing too near their paper houses. 4th. We know nothing concerning his family. 5th. We have never heard of a case, and think it very improbable. 6th. Any exercise that brings them muscles into play. By making every motion of which the arm is capable, you can strengthen all its muscles. 7th. It is probably done to throw the centre of gravity of the train to the inner side of the curve, and so diminish the pressure against the exterior track. 8th. The only preventive we would advise is to get out of the snake's neighborhood as rapidly as possible, and let him, "monarch of all he surveys." An alcoholic application of cloth is also useful as a preventive. Whisky, taken in large doses, is said to have often effected a cure. This seems to be the favorite remedy in the west and south. The patient needs to drink it by the pint, or quart if necessary.

INQUIRER asks: "In your answers to correspondents, will you be so kind as to give me the correct pronunciation of Richter, Goethe, Schiller, Heine, and Improvisatrice? Also, please tell me if the grandson of Hortense, daughter of the Empress Josephine, was in any way instrumental in causing the downfall of Louis Napoleon? If not too tedious, please tell me what caused the Franco-Prussian war, and if it resulted in benefiting France?" The pronunciation of Goethe cannot be represented in English characters. *Ger'-tch* or *Ger-tch* is not far distant, and is the usual pronunciation by persons not German scholars. Richter is pronounced *Rik'-ter*. Heine, *Hi'-ne*. Schiller, *Shil'-ler*. The other word in Italian is *Improvvisatrice*. The grandson of Hortense is the son of Louis Napoleon, who had nothing to do with the cause of his father's downfall. It would be too tedious to enter into a full explanation of the causes of this war. Its immediate excuse was the French dissatisfaction with Prussian designs on the Spanish throne. A more remote cause is supposed to have been an ill-feeling engendered in the mind of Louis Napoleon, by the action of Prussia in the war with Austria, in 1866, and the manner in which he was deceived by the astute Bismarck.

R. G., (Loveton, Penn.,) writes: "As a constant reader of your paper, I take the privilege of asking a few questions. "1st. Is it proper for a young lady to exchange photographs with a gentleman with whom she is not very well acquainted? If improper, please tell the reason why. 2d. What should a lady say when a gentleman says he is happy to make her acquaintance? 3d. What should a lady say when a gentleman thanks her for dancing with him? Please give some form. Last, but not least, what do you think of my writing for a girl of fifteen?" 1st. One of the principal reasons why it seems to us improper is, that she cannot know to what use he will put it. If not well acquainted with him, she cannot know his character sufficiently to know all he is capable of doing. We have known cases of men using the photographs of ladies, obtained in the manner mentioned, very greatly to the disadvantage of the lady, and so as to seriously injure their reputations. Do not be too ready, then, to distribute your photograph, and most particularly not without advice from older people. 2d. She may smile sweetly, and say, "Thank you," or anything else that politeness may dictate. 3d. We do not think it very usual with gentlemen to thank ladies for dancing with them, so you need not be troubled about the form of a reply. Your writing will answer for your age, but there is great room for improvement.

[Several letters are held over to be answered in our next.]